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THE MANCHESTER BANQUET.

IT is scarcely to be expected, and not at all to be desired, that the conduct of those who are at present agitating for Parliamentary Reform, should satisfy persons who desire to have things remain as they are. In proportion as the means employed are likely to be effectual in attaining the end proposed, we are tolerably certain to have them acrimoniously denounced. It is not therefore at all surprising that the delegates from various parts of the country, who assembled in conference before the evening banquet at Manchester, should be sharply taken to task, because they persisted in a simple demand for Reform, and did not oblige their critics by the production of a Bill. For our own part, looking at the matter from an opposite point of view, it appears to us that these gentlemen exercised a very wise discretion in the course they adopted. We have more than once expressed some regret that Mr. Gladstone, as the recognised leader of the Liberal party, did not sketch out some plan which might have become to Reformers of the present day what "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," was to the Reformers of 1831-2. But unless such a plan proceeded from one whose position and authority was adequate to the occasion, it is evident that it would be worse than useless. If it did not command general assent, it would make existing differences of opinion more marked and decided; and would thus not only weaken the general force of the movement, but would render it more difficult to unite on a practical compromise when the time for legislation arrives. That there is anything dishonest in agitating for Reform, without specifying the particular measure that is desired, we utterly deny. The object sought to be attained is plainly enough avowed. Nobody need be or indeed is ignorant that that object is the admission of the working classes to a much larger share of power than they now possess; and the principle being thus clearly defined, the extent to which it shall be carried out may well be left for the consideration of Parliament. Besides, there is a further answer to those who condemn the vagueness of the present agitation. It is substantially an answer to a challenge; its object is mainly to prove the fact that the working classes are not apathetic on the subject; its purpose is to invest the question with such indisputable reality as shall prevent its being again made the plaything of politicians, or being once more laughed or talked out of the House of Commons. The earnestness of the people having been denied, they have clearly a right to prove it in their own way; and it is hardly for those who, by attacking or sneering at the working classes, have been mainly instrumental in setting them in motion, now to complain that they will not act strictly in conformity with some supposed rules of a political game in which they have hitherto had no share.

There was a time when the question of Reform might have been settled by statesmen and members of Parliament. But they threw away their opportunity, and the result is that they must now obey an impulse, instead of shaping a policy. It was always easy to foresee that the dishonesty with which the House of Commons has so long treated the subject of an extension of the franchise, would, sooner or later, provoke an agitation that when once aroused would with difficulty be restrained within moderate bounds. By timely concession any violent or extreme measures may still be averted; but it is hard

to say how long this may yet be possible. If Lord Derby and his colleagues be wise, they will make the best use of the time that is left them; but on this point our fears are much stronger than our hopes. Mr. Bright has but too much reason to anticipate that the Government will either introduce no Bill on the subject, or will introduce one of so dishonest and insincere a kind, that its acceptance will be out of the question. The antecedents of the men now in office are certainly of the most unfavourable kind. There never was a measure introduced into Parliament so craftily contrived *not* to do the thing which it professed to do, as their Bill of 1859. Their votes, speeches, and acts, during the debates of last year, prove clearly enough that they are the same now as they were then; and in truth they are not likely to change. Lord Derby and Lord Cranbourne have got a fixed idea that it is their mission to stem the tide of Democracy, and both of them have far too much obstinacy, and far too little insight into the state of public opinion, and the tendencies of their age, to yield frankly, as Sir Robert Peel would have done, to a power which they cannot, in the long run, successfully resist. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley are, it is said, bent on trying whether, by a coalition between the Tories and a section of the Whigs, they cannot succeed in palming off upon the country one of those ingenious schemes in which what is given by one hand is taken away by the other. If the Premier and the Secretary of State for India eventually have their way, we shall probably have no Bill at all. But, for our own part, we expect that the more insidious policy will be pursued, and that something called a Reform Bill will be laid before Parliament. To that the Conference of Delegates at Manchester have recommended the people to accord a fair and candid consideration, and we think they are right in giving this advice. However unlikely it may be that a Tory Government will introduce a sound measure, it would be unfair to assume the failure beforehand; and, indeed, an attempt to act on such an assumption would not obtain the support of moderate Liberals. At the same time, it is impossible to watch the conduct of her Majesty's Ministers too closely, or to criticise their measures too sharply. Above all, it is essential that there should be no relaxation of the existing agitation. We are not now in such a plight, that we need accept a bad Bill at Lord Derby's hands; nor need we even spend much trouble on transforming such a Bill into one of a more satisfactory character. "Time," as Mr. Gladstone said, "is on our side." Every day brings us an accession of strength; the apathy and indifference of the masses is thoroughly dispelled, and the friends of Parliamentary Reform are, or soon will be, in a position to dictate their own terms to its enemies.

The working classes have within the last few weeks set at rest any doubt as to their earnest wish for a larger share of political power. It is, however, said that the middle classes stand aloof from the movement. As Mr. Bright remarked in the course of his speech at Manchester, that assertion is at best only partially correct; but it is very much to be regretted that there should be any foundation at all for it, since it is clear that the middle classes are really not less interested than the working classes in the reform of our representative system. Although it is the fashion of Tory writers and speakers to flatter the former by telling them that they rule the country, the fact is, they do nothing of the kind. They have indeed far more influence than Mr. Bright ascribes to them, but still it is true that the power

which they possess in large towns is more than counterbalanced by that which the higher classes possess in the small boroughs and the counties. The distribution of seats is at present so managed that the constituencies which are not independent possess far more weight in the State than those which are independent; and by this means a suffrage of a nominally middle-class character is made to result in the return of representatives which do not reflect middle-class opinion. The question of the redistribution of seats is as important to the middle classes as that of the franchise is to the working classes. Nor is that all. The true interests of the middle class will be promoted by the extension of the suffrage to the working classes. There is no real antagonism between them; and it is only by their alliance that we can hope to impart vigour and efficiency to our administrative system, and to get rid of that monopoly of power, influence, and office which the territorial class have so long enjoyed. A very large portion of the middle classes are at present unenfranchised; and although, as we had occasion lately to show, a further extension of the suffrage, merely in a lateral direction, would be highly objectionable, nothing could be said against such a measure if it was accompanied by a proportionate perpendicular extension. There may be an honest as well as a dishonest combination of these two kinds of Reform; and it is to that, in connection with a measure for the redistribution of seats, that the attention of the middle classes should be directed. The most foolish thing they can do is to assume an attitude of indifference, or to take action in a manner hostile to the claims of the working classes. The only result of their pursuing either of these courses must be to hand over the control of the movement to politicians of the Potter and Beales stamp, and to commit the masses, not only to the ventilation, but to the practical application of ultra-Democratic theories.

We are not about to discuss the franchise upon which it may be desirable for Reformers to insist; but we cannot help saying that there is great force in Mr. Bright's suggestion, that we should not stop short of household suffrage. It is tolerably clear that that is what the country will eventually arrive at; and we are disposed to agree with Sir R. Palmer, that it would be as well to adopt it at once, and thus set the Reform question at rest for an indefinite period. Of course, there is a good deal to be said, and no doubt a good deal will be said even by Liberals, in favour of a more gradual mode of procedure. But no one who knows anything about the subject will venture to assert, as the *Times* has already done, that there is anything in common between our present municipal suffrage and the old potwolloper or scot and lot franchises. Under these franchises men could vote not only for houses in which they lived, but for any tenement, or part of a tenement, in respect of which they might have paid rates before an election; and as no term of rating or residence was required as a qualification, votes might be, and constantly were, created by the score on the eve of a contest. Of course the people who were used for this purpose were, as a rule, not of the most respectable class; and hence arose a great deal of the confusion and debauchery which undoubtedly marked the elections in the old potwollopping boroughs. Nothing of the kind could take place under the system which Mr. Bright recommends, and which is already in operation, with excellent effect, for municipal purposes. The political knowledge displayed by the "leading journal" in the article to which we have alluded, is indeed on a par with the political judgment exhibited in another article, commenting on Mr. Hughes's speech at Lambeth. Most people are of opinion that trades' unions are quite active enough at present; but the *Times* would apparently have them take in hand the education of the people and the enforcement of the laws against illegal weights and measures. At any rate, it reproaches Mr. Hughes with their inactivity in reference to those matters; and adduces it as a proof that no legislation on these subjects is required by the classes on whose behalf he spoke. We knew already that the open or concealed enemies of Reform would resort to strange devices; but we certainly never expected to hear it argued that the working classes should be encouraged to make use of their tremendous power of combination, as a substitute for the legislation of a Parliament fairly representing and equally caring for the interests of all sections of the people.

MEXICO AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Everything points to the probability that the departure of "the Emperor improvised by the Emperor of the French"—to quote a petty resolution of the American Senate—would be immediately followed, if not a little

anticipated, by the arrival of authorized United States emissaries in the *coulisses*, at least, of the Mexican stage. There is little in this to surprise any one capable of calm reflection on international affairs, but there is much to bring contempt upon hasty critics and prophets, whose special peculiarity it is to leave out of sight the very considerations which most deserve attention. We say nothing of rhapsodical French journalists. Some of our own daily writers have been quite as wild and ecstatic as the *Constitutionnel* itself. Anticipating, in 1864, permanent success for the new empire, that journal declared that once more short-sighted politicians would prove wrong—which was certainly true; and that owing to the great prudence and admirable calmness which presided over France, and enabled her to march forward to her objects, triumphing over all obstacles, the coming regeneration of Mexico would be one of the noblest pages of her civilizing mission. We could point not only to leading articles, but to soberly-written and solemnly-published English books, in which the misconceptions of probabilities were quite as gross, and far less excusable. We were glancing lately at a work written by a practised hand to correct British ideas of foreign policy, and we turned with some curiosity to the pages on which were recorded the writer's views as to Mexico and the United States. We venture to say those views must have been amusing to all well-informed readers, even when they were written, and they are doubly so now. They were derived from an unaccountable conviction that the destinies of Mexico were neither of right nor, in fact, in any degree amenable to the wishes of the people of the United States. Only by a dull pedantic adherence to the mere dry bones of the question could this persuasion be maintained, but by this method the critic was carried safely over the billows of awkward fact into a haven of serene absurdity. He was eager to show that the action of the French in Mexico was no contravention of the Monroe doctrine. He quoted President Monroe's celebrated words, "No part of the American continent is henceforth to be open to colonization from Europe," and showed unanswered—as one that beats the air—that they were inapplicable to the present case. No attempt had been made to treat Mexico as a colony or as a conquered dependency. It was not even the Emperor Napoleon's will that set an Austrian Archduke on the throne. Happily, the Mexicans appeared to have chosen a man well deserving of their confidence, and, whether he succeeded or not, there was not a word in the Monroe doctrine which, "either by implication or expansion," prohibited what had taken place. In a few weeks or months, when what are now foregone conclusions have become accomplished facts—and when the United States have reasserted that influence which M. Drouyn de Lhuys himself admitted must always be paramount, criticisms such as these will seem utterly beside the mark. We are not defending the Monroe doctrine or crying "America for the Americans." We are simply recognising, as M. Drouyn de Lhuys did, the potency of enduring circumstances. Those who considered the Mexican question and left out of view the veto of the United States, made at first the same mistake as Napoleon III. made in supposing that the division of the Republic had put an end to its power on the American continent; and they failed afterwards, when the war was over, to perceive that it would be impossible to keep the Monroe doctrine or prejudice much longer in abeyance. The vital blunder in the calculations of such observers, however, was that in literally interpreting the Monroe doctrine they forgot that it was the offspring and not the parent of a great American prejudice. The Monroe doctrine lays down that no part of the continent shall be permitted to be colonized from Europe, and so English and French writers went fatuously to work to prove that the establishment of the new dynasty under the protection of France was no infraction of the doctrine. But it was a serious outrage to the feelings upon which the doctrine was based. What has made the name of Monroe so famous? The President who bore it was one of the most commonplace of American chief magistrates. He is remembered for nothing else; and he is remembered for this official saying, not for its brilliancy or statesmanship, but because it gave positive, and at the same time adequate, expression to an unconquerable national feeling. And that feeling permeated every communication made from Washington to Paris during the expedition and the establishment of the empire, and indeed was most frankly expressed in language stronger, because more applicable, than Monroe's, whenever there was an opportunity. Because Mr. Seward did not instruct Mr. Dayton to demand his passports, Englishmen and Frenchmen thought they yielded all right to have a say in the matter; but the diplomatic correspondence between the two countries gives no countenance

to the supposition. Of course, the Washington Cabinet were poignantly conscious that the pain of seeing Mexico interfered with by European hands was one of the penalties of the civil war. They were even alarmed when the rumour widely prevailed that the Emperor-designate of Mexico had solicited the recognition of the South, though they did not exhibit so much concern as M. Drouyn de Lhuys when he received Mr. Dayton with the exclamation, "Do you bring us peace or war?" Their moderation was extreme and their behaviour most politic. They earnestly asseverated that the Mexicans were at liberty to do as they chose, and they exhibited, as matters ripened in Mexico, the most honourable and genuine neutrality. But from the first they frankly apprised the Tuilleries that under no circumstances could they disclaim an interest in the affairs of Mexico. They reasserted the Monroe doctrine, and expressed to the French Government their persuasion that it was not intended to colonize or take possession of any portion of the American continent. Even the establishment of an Elective Empire was roundly pronounced "neither easy nor desirable," and in order that there might be no possible mistake, Mr. Seward wrote an elaborate and able despatch, which ought to take the place of Mr. Monroe's 1824 message, as the latest statement of United States sentiment on the subject of European encroachments. In this important State paper Mr. Seward disowned all intention of intervening in the war then proceeding (September, 1863) between France and Mexico. "But," said he, "notwithstanding this self-restraint, this Government knows full well that the inherent normal opinion of Mexico"—an excellent phrase this, one that might have been invented to discredit beforehand plebiscites, and apparent unanimity for imperialism—"favours a Government there Republican in form and domestic in its organization, in preference to any Monarchical institutions imposed from abroad." Mr. Seward went on to show how the existence of this normal Republican opinion bore upon the United States. It was continually derived from the influence of popular opinion in the United States, and continually invigorated by the same element; and that popular opinion, Mr. Seward contended, was just in itself, and eminently essential to the progress of civilization on the American continent, "which civilization can and will, if left free from European resistance, work harmoniously together with advancing refinement on the other continents." All attempts to interfere with it would fail, in his opinion, from the ceaseless and ever-increasing activity of material, moral, and political force so characteristic of the American continent. Then followed this very remarkable passage—"Nor do the United States deny that in their opinion their own safety and the cheerful destiny to which they aspire are intimately dependent on the maintenance of free republican institutions throughout America. Nor is it necessary to practise reserve upon the point that, if France should, upon due consideration, determine to adopt a policy in Mexico adverse to the American opinions and sentiments which I have described, that policy would, probably, scatter seeds which would be fruitful of jealousies which might, ultimately, ripen into collision between France and the United States and other American Republics." Granted the point of view, and these are statesmanlike, Canning-like words; nor can we find ground for denying that they were acted up to in a statesmanlike manner—not doggedly insisted on where nothing was to be gained, but were surrendered at the least favourable moment and resolutely applied, as the news of this week leads us to suppose, immediately they could be applied with advantage. The utmost care was taken to preserve neutrality, special and most stringent instructions being given to the Federal generals on the border. But the new Empire was in no way recognised. Relations with Juarez were openly avowed. When the Washington Government felt itself aggrieved by the conduct of France in the matter of the *Rappahannock*, Mr. Seward earnestly reminded the French Government that, in forbidding to allow private hostilities against France in reference to Mexico, the President was wounding popular sympathies which no human power could repress. Then came the remarkable resolutions of Congress pronouncing the proceedings of France an offence to the people of the United States, and the threatened movement of the "improvised Emperor" a cause of war. Even when poor Maximilian took the throne, with the benedictions of the Pope fresh upon him, and with his own succession to the Austrian crown, half his appanage and all his wife's pin-money sacrificed, the American Minister remained "firm as heretofore in the opinion that the destinies of the American Continent are not to be permanently controlled by any political arrangements that could be made in the capitals of Europe." It is not at all wonderful that these words have been fulfilled and illus-

trated; it was wonderful that, even during the war, so positive a declaration, animated by the spirit of so great a people, should have been deemed unworthy of consideration. The result has more than vindicated the soundness of the convictions of Americans as to the impossibility of Maximilian's success; and now that General Sherman and a diplomatist have stationed themselves on the borders of Mexico, with land forces and a ship of war at their disposal, to watch events in the interest of the United States, there is every prospect of the Monroe doctrine, as expanded by Seward, being vindicated also. It may be sound or unsound, righteous or iniquitous, but there is no getting rid of the important fact that the situation of Mexico cannot be affected for long without the consent of the United States.

BARON RICASOLI AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

As the day for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops draws near, the lightest words proceeding from Paris or Florence possess an interest which is hardly lessened by the fact that they may only repeat what we have heard before. The settlement of the Roman question is now the only act requisite to give to Italy the repose necessary to enable her to reap the fruits of her marvellous good fortune, and to convince the world that its sympathies have not been lavished upon a nation unworthy of them, by exhibiting in the prosaic avocations of peace the same fortitude which has distinguished her in war. And though there is not in this question a great military power to be driven from Italian soil, it has difficulties of its own which require the highest judgment and tact in dealing with them. It is part of the programme of the Italian kingdom that, while it is opposed to the temporal power, it recognises in the Pope the chief of the Roman Catholic religion, and it cannot be a matter of indifference to the Italian Government that, when the time comes for the temporal power to disappear, it shall do so in a manner which shall not leave Italy open to the reproach of having falsified its professions. But apart from this consideration, the September Convention binds it to resist any danger to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope which may threaten it from without. And from the circular which Baron Ricasoli has addressed to the Italian prefects on the development of order in the interior of the kingdom, he has not failed to warn them that "all agitation having for pretext the Roman question must be discouraged, prevented, and repressed."

Still it is equally clear from the language of the circular, that this position of neutrality is all the more willingly assumed, because the Italian Government doubts not that the Pope will have soon to reckon with his subjects; and it contains words which read almost as an incitement to the latter to take the reins into their own hands, or at least as an intimation that what remains to be done in order to perfect the fabric of Italian unity must be done by them. "The Sovereignty of the Pope," it says, "is placed by the September Convention in the position of all other Sovereignties. Italy has promised France and Europe to remain neutral between the Pope and the Romans, and to allow this last experiment to be tried of the vitality of an ecclesiastical principality without parallel in the civilized world. Italy must keep her promise, and await the certain triumph of her rights through the efficacy of the principle of nationality." It is impossible to misunderstand such language as this, and there can be as little doubt that both by the French and the Italian Governments it was the very object of the September Convention to raise this issue. The *Moniteur du Soir* cites this circular as a reproduction of "the ideas so often expressed by the Government of the Emperor, whose efforts have always tended towards reconciling the national aspirations of the Italian Peninsula with its religious sentiments." These words will dissipate whatever apprehensions the friends of Italy may have had that the Emperor would at the last moment find an excuse or a pretext for prolonging the occupation of Rome. Indeed, the same pen might have traced them which wrote in the Florence circular, that though "the double capacity of the Sovereign Pontiff punishes some persons with a motive for confounding the political with the religious question, and disturbing with doubts the consciences of the timid," still that "the Italian Government does not desire to lessen the independence of the spiritual chief of Catholicism."

The stage is thus cleared for the performance of a new act in the drama of Italian unification, and whatever is to be its issue it certainly begins with pacific demonstrations. The clergy of Venetia, the higher dignitaries especially, have rejoiced with the people over the liberation of that province, and their participation in the national joy has had no slight effect in softening asperities in other parts of Italy between

which they possess in large towns is more than counterbalanced by that which the higher classes possess in the small boroughs and the counties. The distribution of seats is at present so managed that the constituencies which are not independent possess far more weight in the State than those which are independent; and by this means a suffrage of a nominally middle-class character is made to result in the return of representatives which do not reflect middle-class opinion. The question of the redistribution of seats is as important to the middle classes as that of the franchise is to the working classes. Nor is that all. The true interests of the middle class will be promoted by the extension of the suffrage to the working classes. There is no real antagonism between them; and it is only by their alliance that we can hope to impart vigour and efficiency to our administrative system, and to get rid of that monopoly of power, influence, and office which the territorial class have so long enjoyed. A very large portion of the middle classes are at present unenfranchised; and although, as we had occasion lately to show, a further extension of the suffrage, merely in a lateral direction, would be highly objectionable, nothing could be said against such a measure if it was accompanied by a proportionate perpendicular extension. There may be an honest as well as a dishonest combination of these two kinds of Reform; and it is to that, in connection with a measure for the redistribution of seats, that the attention of the middle classes should be directed. The most foolish thing they can do is to assume an attitude of indifference, or to take action in a manner hostile to the claims of the working classes. The only result of their pursuing either of these courses must be to hand over the control of the movement to politicians of the Potter and Beales stamp, and to commit the masses, not only to the ventilation, but to the practical application of ultra-Democratic theories.

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Because Mr. Seward did not instruct Mr. Dayton to demand his passports, Englishmen and Frenchmen thought they yielded all right to have a say in the matter; but the diplomatic correspondence between the two countries gives no countenance

to the supposition. Of course, the Washington Cabinet were poignantly conscious that the pain of seeing Mexico interfered with by European hands was one of the penalties of the civil war. They were even alarmed when the rumour widely prevailed that the Emperor-designate of Mexico had solicited the recognition of the South, though they did not exhibit so much concern as M. Drouyn de Lhuys when he received Mr. Dayton with the exclamation, "Do you bring us peace or war?" Their moderation was extreme and their behaviour most politic. They earnestly asseverated that the Mexicans were at liberty to do as they chose, and they exhibited, as matters ripened in Mexico, the most honourable and genuine neutrality. But from the first they frankly apprised the Tuilleries that under no circumstances could they disclaim an interest in the affairs of Mexico. They reasserted the Monroe doctrine, and expressed to the French Government their persuasion that it was not intended to colonize or take possession of any portion of the American continent. Even the establishment of an Elective Empire was roundly pronounced "neither easy nor desirable," and in order that there might be no possible mistake, Mr. Seward wrote an elaborate and able despatch, which ought to take the place of Mr. Monroe's 1824 message, as the latest statement of United States sentiment on the subject of European encroachments. In this important State paper Mr. Seward disowned all intention of intervening in the war then proceeding (September, 1863) between France and Mexico. "But," said he, "notwithstanding this self-restraint, this Government knows full well that the inherent normal opinion of Mexico"—an excellent phrase this, one that might have been invented to discredit beforehand plebiscites, and apparent unanimity for imperialism—"favours a Government there Republican in form and domestic in its organization, in preference to any Monarchical institutions imposed from abroad." Mr. Seward went on to show how the existence of this normal Republican opinion bore upon the United States. It was continually derived from the influence of popular opinion in the United States, and continually invigorated by the same element; and that popular opinion, Mr. Seward contended, was just in itself, and eminently essential to the progress of civilization on the American continent, "which civilization can and will, if left free from European resistance, work harmoniously together with advancing refinement on the other continents." All attempts to interfere with it would fail, in his opinion, from the ceaseless and ever-increasing activity of material, moral, and political force so characteristic of the American continent. Then followed this very remarkable passage—"Nor do the United States deny that in their opinion their own safety and the cheerful destiny to which they aspire are intimately dependent on the maintenance of free republican institutions throughout America. Nor is it necessary to practise reserve upon the point that, if France should, upon due consideration, determine to adopt a policy in Mexico adverse to the American opinions and sentiments which I have described, that policy would, probably, scatter seeds which would be fruitful of jealousies which might, ultimately, ripen into collision between France and the United States and other American Republics." Granted the point of view, and these are statesmanlike, Canning-like words; nor can we find ground for denying that they were acted up to in a statesmanlike manner—not doggedly insisted on where nothing was to be gained, but were surrendered at the least favourable moment and resolutely applied, as the news of this week leads us to suppose, immediately they could be applied with advantage. The utmost care was taken to preserve neutrality, special and most stringent instructions being given to the Federal generals on the border. But the new Empire was in no way recognised. Relations with Juarez were openly avowed. When the Washington Government felt itself aggrieved by the conduct of France in the matter of the *Rappahannock*, Mr. Seward earnestly reminded the French Government that, in forbidding to allow private hostilities against France in reference to Mexico, the President was wounding popular sympathies which no human power could repress. Then came the remarkable resolutions of Congress pronouncing the proceedings of France an offence to the people of the United States, and the threatened movement of the "improvised Emperor" a cause of war. Even when poor Maximilian took the throne, with the benedictions of the Pope fresh upon him, and with his own succession to the Austrian crown, half his appanage and all his wife's pin-money sacrificed, the American Minister remained "firm as heretofore in the opinion that the destinies of the American Continent are not to be permanently controlled by any political arrangements that could be made in the capitals of Europe." It is not at all wonderful that these words have been fulfilled and illus-

trated; it was wonderful that, even during the war, so positive a declaration, animated by the spirit of so great a people, should have been deemed unworthy of consideration. The result has more than vindicated the soundness of the convictions of Americans as to the impossibility of Maximilian's success; and now that General Sherman and a diplomatist have stationed themselves on the borders of Mexico, with land forces and a ship of war at their disposal, to watch events in the interest of the United States, there is every prospect of the Monroe doctrine, as expanded by Seward, being vindicated also. It may be sound or unsound, righteous or iniquitous, but there is no getting rid of the important fact that the situation of Mexico cannot be affected for long without the consent of the United States.

BARON RICASOLI AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

As the day for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops draws near, the lightest words proceeding from Paris or Florence possess an interest which is hardly lessened by the fact that they may only repeat what we have heard before. The settlement of the Roman question is now the only act requisite to give to Italy the repose necessary to enable her to reap the fruits of her marvellous good fortune, and to convince the world that its sympathies have not been lavished upon a nation unworthy of them, by exhibiting in the prosaic avocations of peace the same fortitude which has distinguished her in war. And though there is not in this question a great military power to be driven from Italian soil, it has difficulties of its own which require the highest judgment and tact in dealing with them. It is part of the programme of the Italian kingdom that, while it is opposed to the temporal power, it recognises in the Pope the chief of the Roman Catholic religion, and it cannot be a matter of indifference to the Italian Government that, when the time comes for the temporal power to disappear, it shall do so in a manner which shall not leave Italy open to the reproach of having falsified its professions. But apart from this consideration, the September Convention binds it to resist any danger to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope which may threaten it from without. And from the circular which Baron Ricasoli has addressed to the Italian prefects on the development of order in the interior of the kingdom, he has not failed to warn them that "all agitation having for pretext the Roman question must be discouraged, prevented, and repressed."

Still it is equally clear from the language of the circular, that this position of neutrality is all the more willingly assumed, because the Italian Government doubts not that the Pope will have soon to reckon with his subjects; and it contains words which read almost as an incitement to the latter to take the reins into their own hands, or at least as an intimation that what remains to be done in order to perfect the fabric of Italian unity must be done by them. "The Sovereignty of the Pope," it says, "is placed by the September Convention in the position of all other Sovereignties. Italy has promised France and Europe to remain neutral between the Pope and the Romans, and to allow this last experiment to be tried of the vitality of an ecclesiastical principality without parallel in the civilized world. Italy must keep her promise, and await the certain triumph of her rights through the efficacy of the principle of nationality." It is impossible to misunderstand such language as this, and there can be as little doubt that both by the French and the Italian Governments it was the very object of the September Convention to raise this issue. The *Moniteur du Soir* cites this circular as a reproduction of "the ideas so often expressed by the Government of the Emperor, whose efforts have always tended towards reconciling the national aspirations of the Italian Peninsula with its religious sentiments." These words will dissipate whatever apprehensions the friends of Italy may have had that the Emperor would at the last moment find an excuse or a pretext for prolonging the occupation of Rome. Indeed, the same pen might have traced them which wrote in the Florence circular, that though "the double capacity of the Sovereign Pontiff punishes some persons with a motive for confounding the political with the religious question, and disturbing with doubts the consciences of the timid," still that "the Italian Government does not desire to lessen the independence of the spiritual chief of Catholicism."

The stage is thus cleared for the performance of a new act in the drama of Italian unification, and whatever is to be its issue it certainly begins with pacific demonstrations. The clergy of Venetia, the higher dignitaries especially, have rejoiced with the people over the liberation of that province, and their participation in the national joy has had no slight effect in softening asperities in other parts of Italy between

the laity and clergy. Baron Ricasoli's circular permitting the return of the exiled bishops to their sees, and bearing testimony to the deference shown to the Administrative authorities by those who had already returned, is again a proof that the gulf is being narrowed, and raises the hope that it may eventually be closed. It is, again, to be observed that we do not now perceive signs of that feverish desire to hasten events by violence, which has been so conspicuous throughout the history of Italian liberation. The National Committee will, probably, be content to bide their time, and wait until the current serves; and, certainly, nothing could be more fatal to their prospects than the repetition of such a tragedy as that which, in 1848, precipitated the Pope's flight from Rome. Nor must we, in enumerating the tokens of a growing good-will between interests so long estranged, forget that though the Pope still bitterly reproaches the enemies of the temporal power, he has not withheld his blessing from Italy. In the beginning of his pontificate he showed how well he could share its aspirations, and how thoroughly Italian he was at heart. If Italy has achieved its unity without him, it certainly owed to his liberal policy twenty years ago one of the strongest impulses it ever received. Nor is it by any means certain that the events which have occurred since that epoch have entirely silenced the patriotism which made him and Charles Albert so personally popular. There is therefore, we would hope, a reasonable prospect that the last of Italian questions, and in some respects the most delicate, already begins to present a facility of solution as the time approaches for the departure of the French troops. Nothing will then remain when this difficulty has finally been disposed of, to prevent Italy from reaping that plenteous harvest which must spring from the blood of her patriots, if those who have been left to complete the national work will only labour in the same spirit of self-denial and self-devotion as those who went before them.

CENTRAL ASIA.

DURING the last session of Parliament, Mr. Disraeli stated that if any question arose requiring information relative to the affairs of Central Asia, the man to whom the House of Commons would instinctively look as possessing the greatest knowledge of the subject would be Sir Henry Rawlinson. And in saying this the then leader of the Opposition spoke truly. No man in England possesses a more thorough knowledge of those affairs than the member for Frome. No small degree of interest attaches, therefore, to what Sir Henry said at the Royal Geographical Society's opening meeting of the present session, which took place on the 12th inst. The paper he read referred to the "Recent Journey of Mr. W. H. Johnson from Leh, in Ladakh, to Khotan, in Chinese Tartary," and was considered by Lord Strangford to be one of the most important ever presented to the Society. The vast region lying between the frontiers of British India in the south, and the Russian Empire in the north, is almost entirely unknown, and the meagre information which we have from time to time received respecting that enormous extent of territory, which is somewhat vaguely termed Central Asia, has been of a very unreliable and unsatisfactory character. As an illustration of this, we have only to refer to the work of a pseudo-traveller in Pamir, which, for the last sixty years, has been in the possession of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia, and from which they made their maps, but which Sir Henry Rawlinson has examined and pronounced to be, in his opinion, a most elaborate hoax. The exploration to which the work in question refers was asserted to have been made by a German nobleman who, from prudential reasons, withheld his name, but who was employed by the East India Company to purchase horses in Central Asia for the Indian cavalry. The evidence for and against this asserted journey is nearly balanced, but there are many inconsistencies and impossibilities which none perhaps but an Orientalist could discover, but which undoubtedly prove the manuscript to be a forgery. Among a host of other errors we may mention two or three pointed out by Sir Henry Rawlinson, which, without any corroboration, would be sufficient to prove his argument. This unknown German stated that he was accompanied by a Lieutenant Harvey, and that they purchased above 1,100 horses in Pamir. There was no Lieutenant Harvey in the India Army List at the time, and the only horses which could have been obtained in the region indicated would have been Uzbeg ponies, which would have been utterly unfit for cavalry purposes! In Cashmere he passed an active volcano according to his own account, while it is well known that no such physical feature exists in that country. Many travellers who have really visited some remote parts of Central Asia,

have committed errors almost as grave as some made by the anonymous German, but they have also produced much information that is very valuable. Recently, however, we have had travellers penetrating beyond the mountains to Chinese Turkestan, and opening up amicable relations with the semi-barbarous tribes inhabiting that country.

Among recent journeys into the trans-Himalaya region, that of Mr. Johnson was one of the most remarkable for the boldness of its execution and for the scientific precision with which the places visited have been made known to us. Born and bred in India, and having received his education in one of the hill-stations, Mr. Johnson became early engaged on the Great Trigonometrical Survey under Sir Andrew Scott Waugh and others; and it was while carrying out the survey to the extreme northern limits of the territory of the Maharajah of Cashmere that he was enabled, at the invitation of the Khan of Khotan, to perform the remarkable service which has just been considered by the Royal Geographical Society. The whole of Khotan north of the Kuen-Luen range is an immense plain, and the city of Khotan, or Ilchi, is in the line of one of the great commercial routes between Russia, India, and China. This and the adjacent countries have, until recently, been in the possession of the Chinese; but the troubles and difficulties of the empire encouraged those States to rise in rebellion, and they succeeded in achieving their independence. The city of Yarkand is at present in a state of anarchy, and while he was at Ilchi some of the principal inhabitants of the former city waited on Mr. Johnson, and requested him to take possession of the place on behalf of the English. The Khan of Khotan had travelled through India and become an admirer of British rule, and was therefore most anxious to engage in trade, and cultivate commercial relations with us. But between India and China there has hitherto been great difficulty of communication, both physically and politically. This difficulty is not yet wholly removed. The Maharajah of Cashmere, in whose territories are the mountain-passes into Turkestan, maintains the right of levying transit duties which are so high as almost to paralyze commerce. Mr. Johnson has, however discovered a road, the use of which may destroy the monopoly enjoyed by the Maharajah of Cashmere. This road crosses a depression of the Kuen-Luen chain through Rudok, towards the south, and is practicable for wheeled carriages throughout the year from Ilchi into India. This discovery may be considered as one of the most important features in Mr. Johnson's exploration, and as the inhabitants of what was formerly Chinese Turkestan are eagerly anxious to enter into commercial relations with India, it is to be hoped that the opportunity will not be lost of cultivating their friendship. Unfortunately, the Indian authorities did not sufficiently appreciate this adventurous and most important journey, but rebuked Mr. Johnson for exceeding the limits to which the enterprise was originally intended to be confined. The slight political communications he had with the Khan of Khotan, and for which he had no authority, formed the ground for this rebuke; but as he could hardly avoid receiving those communications when he was in the country, he scarcely deserved to be admonished for such a splendid service as he evidently performed.

The country of Khotan is bounded on the east by the great desert of Cobi, in which it is said that 300 towns were overwhelmed by sand, and destroyed; but the tradition is evidently of a Munchausen character, and has probably no foundation whatever in fact. This may be said to be now the true *terra incognita* of Central Asia, for even the physical character of this wide region is unknown to us. All the countries comprising what was formerly Chinese Turkestan are essentially Turkish, and the present revolution appears to be connected with a wide-spread Mohammedan movement to throw off the Chinese yoke. The people are greatly disconcerted at the advance of the Russians on their north and north-western frontier, and are most solicitous for British protection and support. Solicitations of the most earnest character have been addressed to us from Yarkand and Khotan, but these States are removed 500 miles from our frontier, and at present we cannot interfere directly in their political affairs. There are many people who view the advance of the Russians with great alarm; but Sir Henry Rawlinson thinks their chief commercial object in advancing into Western Turkestan is cotton. He thinks also that there is not the slightest danger from Russia in the line of country described in Mr. Johnson's paper. The mountain-belts of Karakorum and the Kuen-Luen oppose a formidable barrier between Chinese Turkestan and India, and the possession of the passes would effectually prevent the passage of a hostile Power towards the south. The inhabitants, moreover, are not well disposed towards the Russians, while they wish to cultivate amicable relations with us. The Chinese

power in Central Asia is so broken that Sir Henry Rawlinson thinks it will eventually have to retire within the Great Wall. Since the independence of Khotan, Yarkand, and the adjacent countries, their trade with China has been completely closed, and they are consequently anxious to receive from India all those products they formerly obtained from China. It is a most important political event that these countries should be thus thrown open. Their productions include gold, silver, and various other metals, jade, coals, cereals, cotton, and fine wool. This enormous extent of territory is the largest pastoral region on the face of the earth; and if the people of Turkestan have free intercourse with India, wool will probably become the chief article of exportation.

Central Asia may be said to be divided into three portions, which naturally produce a like division of population. There is the mountain region, with its vast upland downs so well suited for summer pasturage, while its rocky ravines conduct foaming torrents down to the plains. With an invigorating climate this region produces a hardy peasantry, composed chiefly of the offshoots of the many migratory races who have swept through the country. At the foot of the mountains are well-watered plains, whose surpassing fertility enriches the population there congregating in towns and villages, and pursuing the peaceful avocations of life. Beyond the confines of cultivation the pathless desert stretches out in every direction, and is peopled by nomadic tribes, who are principally occupied in rapine and brigandage. As our knowledge of these interesting regions increases, the more information we desire to obtain; and whatever political interests may have to say to such enterprises as that of Mr. Johnson, it will surely be unpardonable neglect if the opportunity of their exploration which is now offered to us be not taken advantage of. Sir Henry Rawlinson would like to see Russian and English Consuls established in the cities of Central Asia, and good feeling and honourable commercial emulation excited between the two European Powers. Russia is, however, steadily extending her borders towards the south, and may ultimately become our neighbour in India. But that contingency is yet afar off, for she has to fight every inch of her way against a hostile population, whose normal condition is a state of warfare. We may, therefore, be certain that the advance which has half-crazed some of our Indian politicians with alarm will not yet threaten our empire in the Peninsula with annihilation; and, in the mean time, we should improve our knowledge of the trans-Himalayan regions, and by means of the new road which Mr. Johnson has discovered, carry on trade with the population, unrestricted by the extortions of the Maharajah of Cashmere. The exhilarating and enriching labours of commerce will do more towards introducing civilization among the semi-barbarous tribes of Turkestan than the warlike advance of Russia, which is replete with strife and bloodshed.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE Report of the Royal Commission appointed to consider and report upon the best means of recruiting the army is an eminently disappointing document. Its recommendations are, we have no doubt, useful so far as they go, but then they go only a very little way. If carried out, as they probably will be, they may induce a few thousand more recruits to enter the army, and a few thousand more soldiers to remain there for a second period of service, but we cannot think that they will materially diminish that growing distaste for a military life which is admitted to prevail amongst the classes on whom we have hitherto relied for the support of this branch of our national defences. They will remove a number of small grievances, and will certainly afford some additional inducements; but when we look at the present rate of wages in civil employments, we cannot help feeling that the latter will still offer to a young man of the labouring classes advantages far superior to any which are held out by his acceptance of the Queen's shilling. The Commissioners recommend that the organization of the recruiting department should be improved, and that it should be placed under the command of an inspector-general; that training-schools for boys, similar to those which have yielded such excellent results in reference to the manning of the navy, should be established in connection with the army; that certain articles of clothing, which the soldier is at present called upon to provide at his own expense, should be furnished from the public funds; that good-service pay should be obtained a year sooner than at present; that the rations of meat should be increased; that the term of re-enlistment for a second period of service should be reduced from twelve to nine years; and that during such several periods of service the soldier should receive 2d. a day additional pay with a corresponding increase

of the pension of 8d. a day, to which he is entitled at its termination. There are some suggestions of minor importance in the Report, but substantially these are the measures on which the Commissioners rely to furnish us with an adequate supply of soldiers. We have no doubt, as we have already said, that they will tend in that direction, and that they will more especially promote the re-enlistment of men for a second term. But, after all, they will afford but little temptation to young men to bind themselves for a very long period to a career which offers but a small remuneration and no appreciable chance of rising in life, when by retaining their freedom of action they can make much larger sums at home, or if they emigrate, may rise to the position of landowners or capitalists. At the age when recruits enter the army men do not think much about providing for their old age; and even if the increase of the pension should eventually tell, this cannot be the case until a number of discharged soldiers, living in comparative ease and comfort, have been disseminated through the country. It must also be recollected that the class of men naturally inclined to a military life are just those reckless or adventurous spirits who are least likely to trouble themselves about the future. What we want is something which will operate upon the mind or imagination of such men and make them regard the army in an entirely different light from that in which it now appears to them. We have been constantly improving the condition of the soldier for many years back, and all this time our supply of recruits has been steadily declining. Even if the changes now recommended are adopted, it must be some time before they become sufficiently known to have any material operation, while our need for men is urgent and instant. It is possible that if these suggestions are carried out, they may check the falling off in recruits, but that is not enough. In order to raise them permanently to the requisite number, we must make the army a thoroughly popular occupation, and that will never be accomplished until the purchase system is abolished. Let us do that and we should enlarge the recruiting area by inducing a higher class of men to enter the service. The army would be looked upon as a means of getting on in the world, and not as a dreary and hopeless servitude; and we should not only obtain more, but better men. This subject was not referred to the Commissioners, nor do we expect to see it seriously entertained by any Government until we get a Reform in Parliament; but we feel very deeply that it lies at the root of our present military difficulties, and that such steps as Lord Dalhousie and his colleagues suggest are at best but mild palliatives for an increasing evil.

The Commissioners do not deal, except in the most vague and general way, with the larger question of the reorganization of our forces in such a manner as to give us an effective army of reserve. They tell us, indeed, that we must look to the militia, but they offer no suggestions as to the best way of making that "constitutional force" a really serviceable body. They do not favour the proposition to connect the regiments of the line with particular counties; and, although they admit that it is desirable to strengthen the relations between particular corps of the army and particular militia regiments, they leave us quite in the dark as to the manner in which they think we may attain this object. Upon the whole, therefore, it cannot be said that their labours contribute materially to the elucidation of a subject to which the recent German war has given so much prominence. Perhaps it is as well that they confined themselves to the matter especially referred to them; for had they not done so, it is by no means unlikely—judging from some of their observations—that they might have been led to sanction some of those extensive schemes which more than one of our contemporaries are constantly advocating. We shall be in a better position to consider our prospects calmly when the present admiration for the Prussian system has somewhat subsided. But, in the mean time, we cannot help saying that when the Commissioners talk of the number of men which might be thrown upon our shores in twenty-four hours, and mourn over our vanished naval supremacy, they really overstate our danger, and understate our power to a very extraordinary extent. It may be true, that if any army comes from the Continent it will come in twenty-four hours; but it will take weeks to organize it and its means of transport at the point of embarkation, and therefore we never can be so completely taken by surprise as Austria was at the outset of the late war. During that time we could surely get to sea a fleet which would secure our shores against the hostile armaments not only of one, but of any two Powers combined, and we should at least have an opportunity for placing in the field an army of volunteers not unworthy to stand beside the soldiers of the line. We quite

admit that our volunteer force is not altogether in the state in which it should be. Its officering is its weak point, and one to which attention cannot be too soon directed. But really, to read some of the articles which have lately appeared, one would think that no such force existed; or that, at best, those fine regiments in which we all take so much pride, were little better than undisciplined trainbands. We are far from denying that it is expedient to raise the numbers and increase the efficiency of the militia, but it does seem to us that the existence of our volunteer force, together with our sea-girt position, may well enable us to dispense with any extravagant expenditure on this head. We have no doubt that in the coming session great efforts will be made by the military men in the House of Commons to commit us to the creation of an army of reserve in some form or other; nor is it impossible that if General Peel can overcome Mr. Disraeli's objection to inflated estimates, the gallant general may attempt to signalize his administration by a great stroke of "reconstruction." But we trust that in that case the Government will be given to understand that the country is not disposed to give them a *carte blanche*. Before we consent to spend any more money on our army, we should like to be satisfied that the present votes are economically expended, and that it is impossible to diminish the number of our troops serving abroad. It is all very well to say that we must have more troops or more militia, because out of an army of something like 220,000 men, we can only manage to retain 40,000 or 50,000 for reserve in the United Kingdom. But that naturally suggests the inquiry whether there is any necessity for our keeping so large a portion of our forces abroad; and to such a question we are convinced that a negative answer should be returned. We must, of course, keep a considerable army in India, but there is reason to believe that, looking to the greater facilities of communication, a much smaller number of men than are now stationed there would be amply sufficient to uphold our rule. It is, however, to the reduction of our colonial garrisons that we must mainly look for the increase of our home force; nor should any time be lost in compelling our dependencies to take upon themselves their fair burthen in the way of self-defence. By adopting measures of this kind; by steadily maintaining the navy in a state of the highest power and efficiency; by some improvements which need not be very expensive in the organization of the militia; and by giving to our volunteers a more complete training under better officers—we are convinced that we can fully meet the exigencies of the case, without imitating our Continental neighbours, and converting the country into a camp.

TAYLOR v. HOLLOWAY.

WHEN Horace traced the progress of the drama, beginning with the poems carried in carts by Thespis, and going on through the successive changes introduced by the masters of tragedy, he was debarred by fate from touching on the latest development of which that art has proved capable. The blinded heathen knew nothing of copyright. He could not have predicted that various courts of justice would be called upon to decide whether one author might take the property of another, whether one manager might take the property of another, and whether all managers might take the property of all authors. It would have been repugnant to his common sense to suppose that there would ever be discussions on the difference between representation and publication, or that it ever would be held a vital injury to let people read an author's books without paying him, but no injury at all to let an author's books be read aloud to people without their paying him. Still less would it have occurred to Horace that "one of the most accomplished dramatic authors of the nineteenth century" would employ a Queen's Counsel to prosecute the Thespis of the period for carrying about the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" on a portable theatre. There is something so extremely petty in such a prosecution that we are almost ashamed of making it the basis of this article. But it is worth while pointing out that the protection given to English dramatists by the law is great; that it is used without discretion; and that it is accompanied by utter disregard for the property of others. Of this Mr. Tom Taylor must be very well aware. He is not only, as his counsel called him, one of the most accomplished dramatic authors of the day, but one of the most voluminous. He knows best, and we should be glad to know from him, how many of his dramas are his own native workmanship, and how many are translated, adapted, or otherwise taken from the French. We fear that if the mercy he has shown to others was shown to him, he would be reduced to much the same state as the moderns described by Washington Irving when the old authors descended

with fury to claim their rifled property. Indeed the whole Dramatic Authors' Society would suffer grievous losses in case of a similar invasion of the French. Yet the society seems even more guilty in this case than Mr. Taylor. It was an agent of the Dramatic Authors' Society who went down to Stockport and followed the performance of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" with a printed copy. The same agent sought out the printer of the playbills, and learned from whom he had received his instructions. We do not know whether the Dramatic Authors' Society is liberal in its employment of agents, but we have heard of proceedings being threatened with regard to private theatricals. The smallest dramatic sketch in a Christmas annual has its rights reserved, and we shall probably be told of a writ being served on the prompter at some drawing-room performance. As the French Government sends police spies to private parties, the Dramatic Authors' Society will no doubt engage emissaries to see that none of its copyright charades are pirated. Our little festivities will be disturbed by persons following the performance with a printed copy, and identifying the puns instead of joining in the laughter they provoke.

We do not blame the dramatic authors for combining in an association for the defence of their rights. We only blame the lengths to which this defence is carried. The prosecution of the portable theatre is frivolous. All the steps in the action are equally trivial. And it does not become the Dramatic Authors' Society to strain at these gnats when it is in the habit of swallowing camels. It knows that it takes advantage of a mistaken clause in the Copyright Convention with France to adapt French plays in a way that is really piratical. It takes advantage of an unfortunate limitation in the English Copyright Act to dramatize novels without the consent of their authors. Owing to these two flaws in our statutes, the drama at present is hopelessly barren. Mr. Charles Reade, who has written original plays, and has given his French colleagues a share in the proceeds of those he has adapted, is our main authority for this statement. He always inveighs against the clause in the Convention which excepts "a fair imitation or adaptation" from the penalties against piracy. Yet we question if he would meet with much support at the hands of his brethren. Their trade would be gone if the French stage was no longer at their service. It is not likely that the French dramatists, whose works command such prices at home, would accept the prices paid in England, and the result of any change in the law would be to shut up half our theatres till managers could be found to pay and authors would again come into the market. Perhaps, however, some change in the law may not be very distant. Mr. Hepworth Dixon announces that the chief American publishers are beginning to see the advantages of a Copyright Convention, that the American authors are unanimous in its favour, and that the politicians have no antipathy to it. If America yields to us, it will be but graceful for us to yield to France. Even now, it might be possible to show that the law is not absolute on the subject of imitations. We are told that the question between fair imitation and piracy is to be decided by the courts of justice of the respective countries according to the laws in force in each. Many cases are quoted in which the fair imitation of our playwrights has been stigmatized as piracy. There is one notable instance exactly answering to the process through which a French drama goes in becoming English. A publisher had taken three copyright engravings of figures fencing and had disguised the figures in different costume. Judgment was given against him. Why should not judgment be given against writers who take characters, scenes, and incidents from a French play or a French novel, but who turn the Bois de Boulogne into Kensington Gardens, and wives into daughters? The question in all such cases is whether one man has deprived another of the proceeds of his labour. If we are not to have international copyright on the ground that no State makes laws for the benefit of the subjects of another State, why should we have extradition treaties? Why should we protect a Frenchman travelling in England, and not give him up to the tender mercies of any garrotter in the courts adjoining Leicester-square?

There is, indeed, no point of law on which a course of digesting or codifying is more needed than this question of copyright. It has been held by high judicial authorities that the right was not conferred by statute, but having been defined by the statute it is limited by the statute. At common law a man's right to the productions of his brain is as extensive as any of his other rights of personal property. The statute law has thought fit to curtail this right, professing to give in return greater security. But statutes can never be full enough if they try to extend to all emergencies, and the fuller they are the less inclined will the judges be to supplement them. The law

of dramatic copyright is stringent enough to protect English dramatists, but not stringent enough to keep them out of temptation. While defending them, it enables them to attack others. The Dramatic Authors' Society has full legal right to interfere with private theatricals, and the law has declared that a room may be a place of entertainment. There cannot be the smallest doubt that Mr. Holloway was liable to the full penalty of forty shillings, and we wonder that he did not find some means of compromising the action. As it is he is probably ruined, for the Act of William IV., under which he has incurred this penalty, inflicts double costs of the suit on the defendant. Double costs of an agent of the Dramatic Authors' Society going down to Stockport, living at Stockport as becomes the representation of such a body, following the performance with a printed copy, finding out the printer of the playbills, and making the printer open his mouth, would in themselves be serious. But when we come to the double costs of the action, of the solicitors, of a Q.C., and of a learned junior, we feel that Mr. Holloway must be overwhelmed. Nor is this all. A further penalty awaits him, which the law never contemplated. The wretched man is shut out for the future from the whole range of Mr. Tom Taylor's plays, from the whole range of plays belonging to the Dramatic Authors' Society, and consequently from the whole range of French comedy. If the legal expenses were crushing, this is hopeless and everlasting ruin. Alas for the portable theatre! Perhaps when the law of dramatic copyright is placed on a juster basis, the authors of plays will not be so careful *de minimis*. Literary copyright is often invaded without recourse being had to such remedies; nor have any actions for piracy been brought against the *Times*, when the complete introduction of a book has been made into three columns of a review. Probably Mr. Dickens would feel justly offended if all the best scenes of his novels, or all his shorter stories, were read by Mr. Bellew to crowded audiences. But he can hardly object to the trial scene from *Pickwick* coming in to enliven a lecture at a country mechanics' institute. In days when readers moved at a more leisurely pace over larger pages, Moore was much hurt at the papers quoting the *dénouement* of his *Epicurean* on the very first day of publication. Yet though this was a genuine injury to the tenderest feelings of an author, he would have been laughed at if he had tried a legal remedy. We hope that Mr. Tom Taylor and the Dramatic Authors' Society will be laughed at now. Between them they have given birth to a far more ridiculous piece than has lately figured in the playbills, and the retaliation on the poor strolling player will carry off the palm from its namesake which was dramatized from Charles de Bernard.

THE GRADATIONS OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD confesses a liking for pork pies, for the singular reason that he prefers to know what he is eating; but there are probably few people who care to consider too curiously the caterer's art, and what is true of those who eat is equally true of those who read. The "constituents" of periodical literature—as it was once the fashion to call their readers—may be divided into persons who read nothing else and persons who read books as well; and they may also be separated into two classes, by the degree of interest which they feel in the manufacture of the papers and magazines upon which they more or less depend for recreation and instruction. To people who cultivate literature generally, the preparation of periodicals need not be a subject of special consideration. They can hardly fail to carry constantly with them, and to apply instinctively and almost unconsciously, a sound test of excellence. As a cabinet-maker is ready with his spirit-level and shrewd in his detection of bad carpentry—or as a tester of spirits or taster of wines can hardly drink for his own pleasure without pronouncing a professional judgment—so the general reader of standard books judges accurately, though he may not criticise severely, the ephemeral literature which passes before him. A kitchen-dresser need not be so faultlessly finished as a drawing-room sideboard—claret would be under no obligation to be port, even "if it could"—but the cultivated judgment sees hollows in the deal and tastes faults in the Bordeaux where the unpractised observation or taste would only be conscious of a general sense of more or less fitness or enjoyment. So in literature. The cultured reader may of course be a pedant or a prig, in which case he will hold nearly all periodical publications in undisguised contempt, as poets do current politics; but if he is an ordinarily catholic-minded man he will enjoy all sorts of competent writing in its measure, and will even appreciate those reputed merits which offend most violently or

pall soonest upon his superior taste. The modern sensation leader—a production *sui generis*, and probably as grossly in violation of sound literary canons as anything written grammatically can be—affords, perhaps, as much and as piquant pleasure to an intelligent and well-read man as any other sort of article. In the first place there is really humorous enjoyment in the knowledge that there are readers who absolutely take such articles *au sérieux*—whose minds feel as if they were being improved. When the "social leader" gives a felon or a philanthropist his full complement of Christian names regardless of the expenditure of small capitals—whose imaginations are really awakened when they read of a "babestar lost in its teething"—whose moral sense is vigorously stirred within them by the indignant virtue in which more cultivated readers can perceive little but salacious expatiation, and whose eyes positively glisten and their hearts palpably throb at the recital, in language which out-Longfellow Longfellow, of the humble woes of a defrauded washerwoman or a cuffed errand-boy. Then, there is an additional zest in the conviction that whoever else feels the article, the author never did. It is something to be at all excited to admiration by the alertness, the dash, or even the volubility, of so utterly insincere a performance, and the man who is too elevated in his tastes to experience curious and contradictory but, on the whole, pleasant sensations from occasionally reading articles of this sort should enrol himself with those who think Shakespeare's clowns frivolous, and account the commonplaces of melodramatic bombast not only irrational, but unentertaining. When one comes to think how little real excellence and purity there is, one is loth to forfeit any innocent enjoyment that the very mixed constitution of human affairs can afford. The most handy kind of critical faculty that a man can derive from wide and discriminating reading is the power of gauging the value of evanescent literature. Perhaps, no one who reads at all is without some sort of literary standard. It is a curious fact, for instance, how wide-spread is the conviction amongst half-educated people that tautology is the one sin for which no writer of pretensions can be forgiven. There was a good story in circulation some time since of a newspaper proprietor who, in council with a literary assessor, read carefully through every leading article before permitting its insertion. On one occasion, a writer had quoted, very appositely, a lengthened passage from Macaulay, abounding in those repetitions of names and leading nominatives which distinguished that great writer's very rhetorical style. "Stop, stop," exclaimed the proprietorial censor, "that won't do; that's awful tautology." "Excuse me," said his confidential associate, "this is not Mr. —'s language—it's Lord Macaulay's." "Can't help it," said the remorseless critic, "as long as Lord Macaulay writes for my paper, he mustn't commit tautology." Now this gentleman could hardly be said to have mounted high on the ladder of criticism, but he had got tight hold of it, and if his foot slipped between the rungs that was his misfortune, and did not prove any want of good intentions. With good general reading and continual familiarity with periodicals one may acquire, if one cares about it, not only the ability to judge of literary merit, but an instinctive perception of the substantial value of what one reads. This is more curiously exemplified in critical notices than in political or social writing, of which the value may be approximately estimated by ordinary intelligence without special training. The competent reader of art, dramatic, musical, or literary newspaper notices—perhaps the most insincere and opaque form of exercitation known to any of us—can learn from them, with an approach to accuracy, the real merits of the performances commented upon. No higher proof of acumen could possibly be afforded, for he probably forms his judgment without accepting a single statement or opinion of the "critic" to whose animadversions he is indebted for the materials on which it is formed. And he will do this, too, without troubling himself with those petty scandals of favouritism and private interest by which small men nourish their jealousies or resentments, but which have usually no real connection with any of the subtler aberrations of the newspaper mind. A man thus furnished is likely, every one must admit, to appraise very successfully most things around him in the world of literature, art, and public life. To him periodicals are a continual feast, welcomed with good appetite and followed by healthy digestion, so long as he excludes from or allows for in his calculations the almost unavoidable disturbing influences of conceit and dogmatism, to which even the soundest cleverness is prone.

But so far we have only regarded the situation of those whose general culture and liberal eclecticism enable them to estimate soundly the value of ephemeral articles. What of the other order of readers? What of that considerable proportion of the middle classes who confess they cannot read books, but

whose appetite for periodicals is usually fresh and often voracious? Incredible as it may appear there are many people who read "all the papers;" that is, they know every day by luncheon time what is the general view of the day's news taken by the representative daily journals. Before dinner they have had these impressions corrected, confused, effaced, or added to by the more leisurely comments of the evening papers. Before Saturday night they have again contemplated the events of the week by the assistance of three or four weeklies. Till lately they had a fortnightly opportunity of reviewing passing topics, side by side with others of less evanescent interest; but the conversion of the *Fortnightly Review* into a monthly seems to prove that that interval does not chime in with the habits of the general reader. The Monthlies have long blended with lighter matter the treatment of newspaper topics, and the Quarterlies have from their commencement been distinguished by the able discussion of all the subjects of the time.

Thus the general reader of periodical literature passes by a regular gradation through all the intervals, at which it seems reasonably practicable to subject to literary treatment the topics with which in theory every one in society is familiar. And it occurs to us to suggest to people who are thus dependent for their knowledge and their opinions on periodical writing, that they may enjoy it the more, and derive greater advantage from it, if they will distinguish between its different phases, and comprehend the varying conditions under which it is produced. We need not enlarge on the wonders of the daily press, which produces morning by morning comments of considerable eloquence and marvellous aptitude on the latest news, and frequently on historic Parliamentary discussions, which do not terminate till an advanced hour of the night. Even here, however, there are distractions between writers and writers and between papers and papers. The literary staff of a daily journal consists of three sorts of writers—those who write best on the spur of the moment; those who write well on the instant and well when they have time to elaborate; and those who can only write deliberately. To the last class the public are generally indebted for those more "thoughtful" or ambitious articles which frequently appear on the second day after any remarkable event or speech; but the readiest writer may be too much tied for time, and the reader who cares to watch for it will find that even the arrangements of an office may give a writer on one newspaper an advantage over the writer on another. The difference between going to press with the "leader-forme" at twelve o'clock or at two may often make a man's criticism of an argument more positive than exact; his replies less original than ready; his historical references comparatively vague; and his classical allusions far from recondite. One daily journal is under the necessity of going to press so early that its writers constantly write on the earlier passages only of a night's debate, ingeniously hiding their ignorance of the residue, and more than one journal is debarred by similar circumstances from noticing on the leader page any subject raised by the later telegraphic intelligence. The public have no more to do with these matters than they have with the rehearsal vicissitudes of a play; but a knowledge of them undoubtedly assists the most casual reader in comparing the merit and value of journalistic work. The distinguishing features, however, of all morning newspapers are their promptitude and rapidity in every department. Some fastidious people may wish that the difficulty of producing at six in the morning printed essays on what had barely "enacted itself" at midnight was insurmountable; but the general public want leaders as they want rolls, and like them as "hot and hot." Those who feel in danger of believing too much that they read in the morning should, on no account, omit the second stage of periodical discussion—the evening papers. There are few of these, and as only a moiety of the few publish original comments on events, it would be invidious to criticise them too minutely. But it may be mentioned, as helping us to a judgment of them, that, as a rule, they eschew writing on anything that happens after the morning papers are published. The consequence is, that their writers enjoy the advantage of reading all these, and have the whole morning to mature their reflections. Those reflections may be roughly divided into cynical or at least satirical variations on the themes of the morning journals, and elaborate corrections of those errors of haste to which morning-paper writing is inevitably liable. Over-night writing naturally tends to a tone of observation which jars very much upon the cultivated, and, indeed, artfully aggravated susceptibilities of afternoon critics. Consequently, there is a good deal of correction, acrid, jocose, philosophic, or microscopic, in the more deliberate utterances of the evening press. In fact, the evening papers may be said to dot the i's of journalism. It is not for us to say there is any deficiency of breadth and heartiness, but we may

at least remark, that the habit some reasonably intellectual people are forming of waiting till night to see what a certain journal of culture says seems quite as likely to result in undue respect for insignificant details as in greater correctness and comprehensiveness of judgment. When we pass from the leisurely observations of the evening papers, often made more leisurely still, as one of them protests, by the practice of cogitating a day or two before accepting the responsibility of public animadversion, the weekly papers claim our attention. They fill a most important function in the journalistic public. Writers in them are expected to display research without pedantry, to be popular in style without looseness of fact or cursoriness of statement. There is no quality of the best writing that is not exacted, and, let us say, that is not found in the weekly periodicals of London. They have many specialities—literary, political, and artistic. The seniors amongst them have long been celebrated for animadversions, both caustic and elegant, on public affairs. Later additions have introduced a fearlessness, a searchingness, a humour, and an appreciation into literary criticism which, till they arose, had for many years been unknown. The vigour they have infused into political writing has been wholesomely derived from a wider field; and their treatment of social qualities and situations for their own sake in special articles, have given a conscious significance to the lives of people in society, which, if occasionally productive of affectation, has sensibly contributed to the establishment of a sound social code. The readers who read only journals stop here, but others, lovers of periodical literature, go farther, and find a yet more deliberate method of writing in the magazines. Here one becomes beneficially familiar, except where the serious articles are mere padding, with the distinct and usually elaborated views of eminent or striking thinkers, who either exercise over their readers the double influence of their names and their productions, or who are establishing, by magazine essays, their authority as public writers. The readers of magazines must beware of mere padding, which is no better but much worse than the writing in the weeklies; but the survey of topics that have occupied the mind in various ways for weeks past through the medium of minds in which there is real individuality is at once an intellectual luxury even to the merely curious, and a great advance in education to those who are capably of enjoying it with avidity and sobriety. "Last stage of all," the Quarterlies claim to be all that a book can be without being a book. The question whether they have fallen off and become *rococo* is one which many readers have answered by dropping them, and which those who still read them might not be prepared, without hesitation, to answer in the negative. Unquestionably the multiplication of deliberate publications has lessened somewhat their exceptional authority, but they have still great advantages in their imposing form, the presumed eminence of their writers, their supposed exemption from the evanescence of periodical literature, their usefulness for reference, and the influence which all these facts together exercise over those who contribute to them. Unfortunately, the periodical reader who finishes his education with the Quarterlies, must find a charm against the deterioration of partisanship, and will often be expected, especially in one of them, to accept bitterness and passion for satire and trenchancy. But, perhaps, this will be less remarkable while Lord Cranbourne has his hands full of India. We have said enough to indicate the differences of style and conduct which distinguish the various members of our periodical literature, and it only remains to congratulate those who read nothing else, on possessing not only the means of acquiring a very good smattering of knowledge, and making fair progress towards that general intelligence which only more serious study can consummate, but the opportunity also of comparing accurately the respective merits and perceiving the progressive value of the authorities on which they are content to depend.

DR. MARY WALKER.

To listen to the confidences of a lady who claims the distinction of being a medical woman is not an every-day privilege. Very seldom, indeed, does an opportunity offer itself of hearing, from the lips of a female physician, the troubles which have beset her early professional career, the difficulties which she has had to overcome, the means by which she has succeeded in forcing her way into practise. There is something at once romantic and repulsive in the idea of a woman devoting herself to medical studies—romantic in all that concerns the vision of sweet girl-graduates with golden hair, or neat white-handed watchers about a wounded hero's couch, and repulsive in all

that is associated with thoughts of nauseous drugs and painful operations. Hitherto the question has been but little mooted among us as to whether it would be for the benefit of mankind that women should train themselves to be surgeons and physicians. The female candidates for medical diplomas have not been numerous, and the results of their studies have not yet been made generally apparent. But on the other side of the Atlantic a race of female doctors has sprung into active life, and their fame has spread abroad, exciting the curiosity and sometimes the incredulity of many lands. No slight interest, therefore, attached itself to the announcement that one of the number, Dr. Mary E. Walker, would give a lecture in St. James's Hall, embodying the history of her professional career, and her experiences as an hospital surgeon in the Federal army. The lecture came off last Tuesday evening, but although it offered a few remarkable features, it was on the whole extremely disappointing. The body of the hall and the balconies were filled with hearers who were evidently desirous of gaining information, but the galleries were crowded by an uproarious mob of medical students, whose conduct was simply disgraceful. It does not speak well for the character of the profession, that it should have been necessary to have recourse to the aid of the police in order to prevent an assemblage composed of its defenders from insulting a lady,—but such was the case. These orthodox defenders of the medical faith stamped and hooted, and whistled and sneezed, and did all that lay in their power to interrupt and disconcert Miss Walker, and to show that, if our future doctors ought not to be ladies, at all events it was not necessary, in their opinion, that they should prove themselves to be gentlemen. On one occasion, when the fair lecturer, who was evidently not in a robust state of health, coughed, the cough was mimicked in the gallery by some brutal fellow, who ought to have been immediately kicked out; and when she uttered a pathetic remark, in which there was nothing which deserved to be laughed at, a comic whine echoed around the galleries. A more unseemly exhibition of some of the worst qualities of the English character can seldom have been witnessed by those who were present on the occasion.

Miss Walker is a lady of apparently a little more than thirty years of age, slight in figure, and pleasant and intelligent in face. Her dress is a modification of the Bloomer costume, greatly resembling that of a French *vivandière*, a similarity which is increased by the military medal with which it is decorated. She speaks with a certain amount of Transatlantic accent, chiefly remarkable for the emphasis laid upon the article, as in saying "I wished to be a physician," and what is to our ears the somewhat ludicrous singularity of pronouncing the word "wounds" so as to make it rhyme with "bounds." One demerit in her lecture was that it was read instead of being spoken, which gave it a dreary air of tameness; so that when on one or two occasions she addressed her somewhat rebellious audience in her own words, the change was decidedly agreeable. Unfortunately, her "experiences" of medical life and her reminiscences of military hospitals occupied a very small part of what she had to say. By far the greater part of it was taken up by an elaborate defence of Bloomerism, a full and particular account of her early struggles in the cause of "pantalettes," and the difficulties which beset her path in the form of stays, and encumbered her steps in the shape of long skirts. But worse than this long discourse on the benefit of abbreviating ladies' robes, and giving greater play to their limbs, was a political chapter upon the enormities of the South and the unparalleled virtues displayed by the Northern States. It was difficult even for the most friendly hearer to resist a horrible suspicion that he had been deluded on false pretences into listening to what was nothing more than an Abolitionist harangue, and, actuated by an irresistible impulse, many of those who were within the hall rose up and fled away into the night. After a time, however, Miss Walker turned to a more entertaining theme, which afforded at least a considerable amount of amusement to her audience.

From a very early age, it appears, she felt a strong inclination towards medical studies, and, instead of indulging in the usual amusements of girlhood, she used to ponder over volumes devoted to physic and surgery. While the thoughts of her youthful companions would be running upon frolics and dances, hers would be engaged with diseases and accidents; while they were dreaming of love-making and marriage, she was speculating upon the force of emetics and the potency of blisters. The feeling of a pulse was to her what the squeezing of a hand was to them; manly eyes, which fascinated them, beamed upon her without arousing in her mind any but an oculistic curiosity; and if the beating of a masculine heart made itself audible to her ears, it suggested to her no ideas beyond those connected with aneurisms or adhesions. Such a turn of mind naturally

exposed her to much opposition and no little obloquy; but she refused to be interfered with, and steadily pursued the path she had chosen. Some of her acquaintances ridiculed her, and others blamed her severely, finding great fault with many of her proceedings, not being able, for instance, to understand how her fondness for dissection could be prompted "by purely scientific intentions." But, in spite of all opposition, she continued her studies, especially devoting her attention to what, with bated breath and upturned eyes, she informed her hearers was "the greatest piece of mechanism which ever came from the hands of the Deity." After overcoming a series of obstacles she obtained leave to attend the medical classes at one of the colleges, and there obtained in due course a diploma empowering her to practise as a medical woman.

During all this time her mind had been given to working out the problem of what was the best style of female costume. As long as she was a young girl, she said, she was allowed to wear a sensible dress, the moderate length of which left her feet unimpeded in their action. But just at the age when her responsibilities in life began, she found herself called upon to adopt a sweeping robe, which brought her into constant difficulties, and to allow the fashion of the day to annoy and constrain her in the most unwarrantable and peremptory manner. After brooding over the subject for some time, a great idea flashed across her mind, and she conceived the project of bringing about "a physiological alteration in women's dress." The terrible truth having forced itself upon her conviction that "long dresses are killing women," she boldly shortened her own by a foot, and earnestly besought the rest of her sex to follow her courageous example. She told them how a friend of hers had been killed by her petticoats, they having prevented her from jumping with safety from a runaway carriage, and she pressed on their consideration the waste of intellect and of eyesight which arose from the fact that "a woman must always keep one eye and one corner of her brain on the watch over the hem of her dress." But the giddy world of fashion only laughed at her preaching, and even suggested that she shortened her skirts merely for the purpose of letting her ankles be seen. The question as to what clothing was best adapted for the legs cost her many anxious hours of the most serious contemplation. For a while she tried white "pantalettes"; but though light and airy, they proved troublesome on account of their liability to become soiled, and the frequent washings they therefore required. Then she gave a trial to gaiters, met by a fringe hanging from the skirt of the dress; but every one said they made her look like a squaw, so she reluctantly gave them up. At last, the brilliant idea of wearing pantaloons instead of pantalettes suggested itself to her inquiring mind, and from that moment the world-wide problem of woman's dress was solved.

Having got over this preliminary difficulty, Miss Walker was able to devote her whole attention to her medical pursuits. Before long her time was fully occupied, and the number of her patients waxed larger every day. Some employed her because they were in hopes she would charge less than a male doctor, seeing that "in all the trades ladies were paid lower wages than gentlemen"; but their economical expectations were not fulfilled. Others preferred her to a man because she made her toilet quicker when suddenly aroused in the night. Others, again, she admitted, with touching ingenuousness, employed her because they had a personal liking for her. But she took care to explain that it was only to women and children that she was accustomed to give her attention, except in the case of diseased husbands whose wives were already under her professional treatment. So popular did she become, that when she mentioned her intention of leaving the district in which she had been working, a thrill of horror ran round her circle of patients, and in a short time she was surrounded by an agonized throng of ladies, all weeping bitterly at the idea of having once more to place themselves in the hands of male practitioners. But their tears trickled vainly down their cheeks, for her mind was made up. Already once before she had wished to gain experience on the battle-field, and had made an application to Government to send her out to the scene of hostilities during the Crimean war. But peace was concluded before her object was gained, and no other opportunity of the same kind presented itself until the secession of the South took place.

When the lecturer reached this point of her discourse her language became suitable to the grandeur of the subject. But the galleries refused to be impressed even by her most poetical metaphors, and the magnificence of her imagery, the richness of her diction, the logic of her argument, were all equally thrown away upon them. They refused to consider the grand idea of the Confederate States whirling through the starry void, and exercising on each other a planet-like attraction, they

audibly expressed their low opinion of "Britain's great-hearted son, America," they evidently entertained a feeling approaching disrespect for "our dusky brethren," and they did not seem to care at all for "the beautiful words of the immortal Scott," in which they were apostrophized by the lecturer. In vain did she employ all the resources of oratorical gesture to enhance the force of her words, and even when she clasped her hands across her bosom, and silently gazed with upturned eyes upon the chandelier, looking very much like a well-known representation of Joan of Arc, the unmannerly galleries manifested no symptoms of sympathy. So frequent, indeed, were their interruptions, that at last she came forward and begged for permission, unless her words were misinterpreted, "to make a paragraph." A temporary lull followed this singular request, and the lecturer proceeded with her experiences. On her arrival at the seat of war, she found that there was much for her to do, and that indeed even "a" wider field than she had expected lay open before her. On one occasion she discovered that a number of wounded soldiers had remained for days without having their faces washed, so she tore up "a night-dress" which she happened to have with her, and got them all washed; after which, she continued, with grim plausibility, she sent them to Washington. At another time she nursed a poor fellow who had not slept for days and nights, and treated him so kindly that at last he whispered, "Let me kiss you twice." She hesitated, not feeling inclined at first to grant "so disagreeable a request," but an invalid who lay by his side urged her to yield, saying in a voice broken by emotion, "Do let him kiss you," and adding as a conclusive argument, "he's a nice young man." So she let him kiss her, and such an anodyne did the osculation prove that he sank at once into "a quiet slumber, which lasted until his spirit died away." At least such appeared to be the termination of the anecdote; but amidst the roars of laughter which greeted and interrupted its narration, there was no little difficulty in preserving its exact thread. Various other tales did the lecturer tell of services rendered by her to the sick and wounded. Nor was it only as a surgeon that she aided them, for on one occasion she acted as attorney for a soldier who was tried and condemned by a court-martial, and she succeeded in getting his sentence quashed on an appeal to the higher authorities. At last she was taken prisoner, and confined four months in Richmond; and thus her medical campaign came to an end. At this point her lecture did the same; and she retired gracefully from the platform, while the occupants of the galleries streamed out into the open air, informing the world, in what they intended to be unison, that—

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on;"

after which, we learn from the police reports, they sought the congenial haunts of a Haymarket music-hall, and there misconducted themselves so riotously that a number of their leading spirits were taken into custody, and have since, we are delighted to see, been fined and severely reprimanded by the magistrate before whom they made their involuntary appearance next day.

DEAD FLIES.

"DEAD flies" are said by the Preacher to "cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour." We are to imagine that some Oriental Rimmel has compounded a pomade of exquisite fragrance, perfumed with the rose of Sharon or the mandrakes, which "give a pleasant smell," and that into this delicious unguent some unlucky fly has fallen and died. His poor little carcase becomes a centre for the subtle agencies of putrefaction which spreads its ferment to the whole compound, and changes what was very aromatic into what is very nasty.

Here a most interesting and scientific article could be written upon the infusoria and mycoides which the hapless fly might generate or foster in the process of decomposition; but perhaps the moral application of the illustration which the Preacher himself appends, is more to the taste of the generality of readers. "So doth a little folly," he says, "in him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." Thus spoke King Solomon as the result of his long and shrewd experience; after all which he lived to be a sad instance of the truth about dead flies himself. There was no reputation for wisdom like his: he could decide the most delicate suit of disputed possession; he could puzzle his good friend Hiram with the subtlety of his riddles and paradoxes; his fame brought the Queen of Sheba to visit him, and she was forced to confess that, in his case, fame, for a wonder, had not done him justice.

But, unfortunately, his dead fly, that ruined the costliest ointment, was his inordinate covetousness for fresh wives, which he carried to the excess of a monomaniac who collects pottery or postage stamps when they are accumulated only for the sake of accumulation. This little failing landed him at last in idolatry and extortion and personal wretchedness, and left the casuists of his nation to fight out the question whether his ultimate destiny was one of weal or woe. Unfortunately, ever since the plagues of Egypt, and probably even before that, there seems to have been a constant supply of dead flies on hand ready to spoil sweet ointment. For instance, here is a pot of very *recherché* flavour—the exquisite charm of perfect costume in a lady. We may label it "very choice," and, after all that has been said, we will frankly confess that the English variety of it, when good, is best of all. We attempt not to give the recipe for the ointment—it may be compounded with satin and sealskin, poplin and pearls, muslin and *moire*,—our duty is to allude to the dead flies. And to critical eyes one of the worst of these insects is the "Bootloop," when it is seen perched on the edge of some delicate *bottine*, marring its symmetry, breaking the contour of the snowy stocking, and generally suggesting untidiness. There is also a fluffier fly, called "Peeping Puff," which reveals through an undefended loophole the fearful and wonderful structure of the back-hair; and a third insect more of the Daddy Longlegs type is "Staring Pin," when those necessary articles of feminine architecture stand up in the head or in the dress, like scaffold poles left to remind us how the house was built. We could reckon up several more specimens of these dead flies; but with a due regard to decorum we leave them to the female conscience to recognise—only stopping to assure them that these insignificant little midges have a terribly corrupting influence.

What perfume again can we suppose to be equal to the sweets of young love, of which poets have had so many pretty things to say?—sweets that are supposed to culminate in the honeymoon. Yet, unfortunately, this peerless compound is not safe from the attacks of several irrepressible flies. Sometimes there drops upon its smooth and musky surface that hard and dry fly called "Settlements," and a most unmistakable ferment is produced by its introduction; what was before bland and balmy becomes by-and-by acrid and irritating and pungent—the ointment is spoiled. But there are other noxious insects that are constantly abroad to disenchant the perfumed lives of lovers. There is a cloud of midges called "Suspicions," which swell to an inordinate size when they fall into the ointment, and deserve most richly to be classed among "unpleasant bodies;" there is also that ephemeral gnat "Flirtation," and the Death's-head moth "Neglect," which tumble in sometimes, and sometimes are successfully fished out again, leaving no trace behind; but more commonly they lower the quality of the perfume by a single contact, and so the wily Vivien, in the "Idylls of the King," sings about—

"The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all."

And although this young damsel pressed her "Trust me not at all, or all in all," upon poor old Merlin with most selfish purpose, still, we cannot but think that her remarks were very true.

There is another ointment, fragrant indeed to the nose, as universal as Holloway's, and probably much more sanitary, and that is the elaborate ointment of a good dinner, wherein scents and savours combine to form a bouquet; yet over the joyous feast there hovers, ready to descend, that venomous fly, "Cold Potatoes," or "Corky Claret." The splendour of the *épergne*, the lustre of the glass, and the glowing colours of the fruit, are very pretty; the meats may be good, and even the sauces exquisitely piquant, but what are all these things when marred by a block of lukewarm vegetables, or when the sauces and the gravies themselves begin to show the first flaky signs of solidification under the depressing influence of a cold plate. The ideal dinner is one which follows the lead of nature and carries perfection into its little byways and corners. Perhaps the most awful visitation that ever paralyzes the confiding diner-out is a dead fly that is wingless and legless and snake-like, and is, indeed, as deadly as the "fiery flying serpent." It has been known to lurk in soup; it has been seen to twine round the coolest fragment of a salad; it has been exhumed ere now from the stratified rocks of veal and ham pie, and has burst into fearful vitality in the eater's mouth. That "musca muscarum"—that Abyssinian Horse-fly—is a Human Hair! Horrible to encounter; fearful in one's own quiet home, when one recognises the cook's warm auburn, it is even more revolting at a friend's house. When, within a second or so after the

realization, the mind regains its powers, the first problem for a man to solve is "What will he do with it?" It cannot be bolted like a cherry-stone, at a traditional All Souls' dinner; it cannot be neatly returned to the plate like a shot in a pheasant's leg. Like the Atlantic cable, it must be payed out in fear and trembling, lest a kink should come, or the pull should break it off, and leave the duty of recommencing operations afresh. Possibly the eyes of beauty are directed full upon you while you are undergoing this ordeal, and when at last with flaming cheeks you have recovered your cable, the problem of "What will he do with it?" forces itself upon you once more with new difficulties. Was there ever a smaller "dead fly" that created a worse savour? And there are, unfortunately, several more specimens of the class which we must leave to melancholy experience to fill up the details of—such as the sudden tonic bitter in a filbert, which tells unmistakably of the presence of a grub, or the impact of the teeth upon some substance in a piece of bread, too hard to be a little nodule of flour, and too soft to be a fragment of coal, leaving to the mind no other alternative but to consider it to be a portion of a bakehouse cricket. Surely, such things as these are a modern parallel to Solomon's illustration which has headed our paper.

And, once again, we come back to the little folly in them that are of great reputation. It is the case of Naaman all over again. He was a mighty man of valour, but he was a leper. Sometimes our friends are good enough to publish the little moral or intellectual or theological leprosy that constitutes our dead fly. "He is a most superior person, in every way, a man that one cannot speak too highly of. You know, of course, he holds rather peculiar views about ——." It doesn't much matter what; we open our etymological cabinet and select some fine dead fly, which we drop with great precision into the ointment of our clergyman, our statesman, our author, and, to use the powerful language of a patriarch, we "cause him to stink among the inhabitants of the land."

Other Naamans delight in exhibiting their own dead flies, with a touching unconsciousness of the fact that they are preaching their own follies to the world. Others again have the shrewdness to see that this is poor strategy, so they quietly keep the lid on their ointment, dead flies and all, and leave people to think it must be otto of roses in the original sealed bottles. O wonderful reputations that have been won by judicious reticence! O worldwide wisdom that has been assigned to those who have known when to bow their heads, and not to speak! Yet after all, as Mrs. Poyser says, it is not quite certain that the box is full because the lid is shut; nor can we infer because the ointment is kept corked that it is not very flyblown indeed.

We are said, all of us, to have a skeleton in the closet, the existence of which the world takes for granted, and not unfrequently invents a detailed account of it. Family doctors and family lawyers are supposed to have an enormous register of family skeletons; but a great many of them must rattle in private cells which none but the unhappy possessor knows of. Are we to say that each of us has his dead flies? Though we may not be "of great reputation" in the eyes of a discriminating public, yet there are persons enough interested in our existence to be interested in our dead flies as well. To ourselves the question ought to be one of the liveliest interest. Now there was once a good but quaint divine, who, by way of enforcing the important distinction between the bad and good that is drawn by the illustration of sheep and goats, entreated his hearers to put this searching question to themselves, "Am I a goat?" Surely if he had conversed with us on this entomological morality, he would have recommended us to ask ourselves, "Have I a dead fly?" And the answer would probably come most impartially from our friends who would accuse us of possessing the most corrupt blue-bottle, while we, with the diffident self-satisfaction that is so intensely human, have been laying claim to nothing larger, at any rate, than the most infinitesimal midge.

HANGING CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE *Times* is a venerable authority on hanging. For some years past, sensation novels and public executions have formed almost the sole themes of its admiration. Miss Braddon and Jack Ketch have figured as its chief favourites. And certainly a connection exists between the two, for the generality of Miss Braddon's characters have most richly deserved the gallows. Latterly, however, the *Times* has turned round upon sensation novels, and for anything we know, will

turn round upon public executions. We do not expect constancy from a weathercock, nor permanence of colour in a chameleon. Varro said there were no less than three hundred Jupiters at Rome, which is just about the number of our Jupiters. For our Jupiter appears every day except Sundays, and each day is he a different Jupiter. Should, however, the *Times* persist in its old course, let us recommend it to set up a new stock of arguments. It has hammered away so long with the old ones, that both they and the reader's patience are fairly worn out. Novelty has charms even for such savage beasts as frequent the hanging orgies at the Old Bailey. We would therefore advise our contemporary to look at public executions from some new points of view. Public hanging, if undertaken in the true commercial spirit of the age, might be made both a most profitable speculation, and a source of greater enjoyment than at present to its votaries. But before we enter into the details of the subject, let us call the *Times'* attention to the wanton mismanagement under the present system. We remember hearing a young nobleman say that he travelled no less than three hundred miles to see the late Mrs. Manning hung, but on his arrival found the greatest difficulty in obtaining even a standing-place. However, after much trouble, he was allowed as a great favour, by paying ten guineas, to sit on an attic window-sill, where, instead of seeing Mrs. Manning's neck broken, he was very nearly breaking his own. This evidently shows gross mismanagement on the part of the prison officials. Here was a young nobleman nearly deprived not only of his pleasure, but of his existence. Contrast with this what is said to have happened many years ago at Oxford. Every one who knows the University knows that certain rooms in —— College overlook the Oxford jail, and that from them an excellent view of the gallows may be obtained. A legend runs that a former occupier of one of these sets of rooms once sent to his friends the short but pithy invitation:—

"Come next Monday.
Hanging at nine.
Breakfast at half-past."

There are one or two points to be noticed in this invitation. Some connoisseurs, like the *Times'* writers, perhaps, might object to the breakfast being after the hanging. But no reasonable person will fail to see that the sight of the hanging would doubtless produce a better appetite for breakfast; whereas, in the other case, the breakfast might be unduly hurried by false alarms, and disturbed by the visitors jumping up to see whether the drama was begun. The legend goes on to say that the rooms began to fill immediately after morning chapel. The host had laid in large supplies of "Bass" and cigars, whilst his friends brought their own opera-glasses. Great disapprobation was, however, expressed because the murderer was not punctual. He did not appear till exactly two minutes after nine, which was, to say the least, in bad taste, and occasioned loud calls of "Time! time!" from the spectators. They were, however, soon after in some measure recompensed. They had expected that the fellow would in all probability die within two minutes after the bolt was drawn, and were agreeably disappointed, for he was nearly a quarter of an hour suffering the most fearful agonies, owing to the fact that the hangman had fortunately not secured the knot in the proper manner.

Now, though we do not vouch for particulars—and University legends are peculiar, and young men fond of the marvellous—yet this must evidently be the right method of truly enjoying such a spectacle. Besides, there is the religious side of the question. If we may take the word of some of our prison chaplains, it would appear that the best passport of late years to heaven has been an atrocious murder. It must, therefore, not only be pleasant, but edifying, to the spectator to see any one who is sure of going to heaven go there, but also for the saint himself to die immediately under the eyes of gentlemen. Now we would advise the *Times* to enlarge upon this experiment by proposing that the Government should take one of the biggest London theatres, say Drury-lane, for such spectacles. That such a speculation would pay, amounts to a certainty, from the fact that a young nobleman would give £10 for an inch of a window-sill. How much, therefore, would he not give for a comfortable stage-box? It would be worth, we should say, at least a thousand.

The Romans under the later Empire used, it has been said, if there was a murder in a tragedy, to really kill a man; and we cannot conceive why what the Romans achieved in art we English should not be able to accomplish. The drama has for a long time in England been declining. Its end and aim, says the greatest of all critics, Aristotle, is to excite our pity, and this, we think, might be accomplished by really killing a fellow-creature on the stage. Many people, we are aware, object to

the stage because it is not life-like, and although, perhaps, killing a man might not be very life-like, it would be intensely real. We would, therefore, further advise the *Times* to propose, whenever the opportunity did occur of killing a man, as it does about twenty times in a true melodrama, that a real man should be killed. If, however, an objection is taken on the score that no one dramatist could possibly know all the points of law and religion which are involved, let us have a drama constructed on purpose by the Lord Chief Justice, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Ketch, who of course must be consulted about the mechanical arrangements of the piece. Now if, as the *Times* has so constantly informed us, the inartistic proceedings in front of the Old Bailey are productive of such good effects, what results might we not expect from such a spectacle in a well-conducted theatre, without the drawback of losing one's purse or one's watch? The penitent—for all murderers are now penitents—would be brought on the stage accompanied by the gaol chaplain, who, after a few preliminary observations, would allow the hero to speak for himself, to dilate upon his profligacy, and his joy of having committed a murder as it had been the means of bringing him to heaven, and of his certainty of enjoying paradise within five minutes. If, on the other hand, a different effect is sought to be produced, let Mr. Spurgeon be hired for the night, and give the dying man a foretaste of hell, so that he might not be taken by surprise when he got there. The effect of such a scene would be very great, and would assuredly arouse the most indifferent sight-seer in the stalls.

Further, it has been suggested to us by a most philanthropic friend, a lover of his species, a family man, and a reader of the *Times*, that, to give greater effect, the victim should be hung without the usual head-dress worn on such occasions, so that the spectators might enjoy the expression on the dying man's countenance. This, however, might fairly be left to the good taste of the audience, who, if they should prefer this mode, should cry "cap off," just as the pit does to any obnoxious hat. These are some of the main points we would wish to bring to the *Times'* notice. We should, however, advise our contemporary simply to insist upon the pecuniary advantages of the scheme, as we feel sure he will be unequal to the religious and spiritual portions, although the editor has been lately interested in what he has termed the "pernicious nonsense" of Ritualism.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

BARON RICASOLI's circular to the Italian prefects seems to leave no doubt whatever of the intention of the French Government to fulfil, honestly and thoroughly, the terms of the September Convention, and to let the Pope stand face to face with his subjects. "Italy," he says, "has promised France and Europe to remain neutral between the Pope and the Romans, and to allow this last experiment to be tried of the vitality of an ecclesiastical Principality without parallel in the civilized world. Italy must keep her promise, and await the certain triumph of her rights through the efficacy of the principle of nationality. All agitation having for pretext the Roman question must therefore be discouraged, prevented, and repressed." The circular goes on to express the desire of the Italian Government to guarantee the liberty and independence of the Chief of Catholicism—a desire which, there can be no doubt, is perfectly sincere, seeing that Italy has everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking such a course. The Italians are not in the least disposed to Protestantism; they have a certain pride in the long historic and ecclesiastical glories of the Papacy, which, after the downfall of the Roman Empire, continued to make Rome one of the most important spots in the world; and, though they may have outgrown the necessity of a Pope-King, they would probably like to see the dignity of the Pontiff maintained, and the centre of Italy still cherish the sacred spot to which a large part of Christendom turns with a species of filial reverence. This is a feeling which no Italian Ministry could disregard, even if it so desired. It was Ricasoli who, in 1861, when occupying the post of Premier, as at present, made certain overtures to the Papal Government, through France, which came to nothing. He has now, probably, a better opportunity of effecting his cherished idea, inherited from Cavour, of "a free Church in a free State."

THE Queen of Spain, according to the Madrid correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, has been making a very grandiloquent speech to the Duchess de Montpensier

The Duchess, it seems, has had an interview with Isabella, at which she urged her to make popular concessions, and so conciliate the moderate Liberal party, in which case she might depend upon finding plenty of support should the ultra-revolutionists attempt to proceed to extremities. Her Majesty is said to have replied that the Revolution had declared war against her to the death; that she on her side declared war against the Revolution; and that she had before her eyes an example of the futility of making concessions to the demands of the people in the case of her cousin, the King of Naples, who, after granting what was asked of him, was compelled to abdicate, and go into exile. "I am thoroughly determined not to follow his example," the Queen added, if we may rely on this account. "I will resist therefore, and I am firmly resolved to vanquish or die." This is just that kind of obstinacy, or melodramatic clap-trap, which weak minds mistake for firmness. In one respect, however, the Spanish Queen is right. Concessions which are only made at the eleventh hour, and with a manifest intention of gaining time and taking advantage of popular credulity, are simply useless. They but indicate present weakness and future treachery. The European peoples have become too wise to trust them; for they know that what has been extorted by fear will be revoked when the fear is past.

"Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void."

Monarchs who have always hated liberal principles are not likely to be really converted by any possible condition of things; and the instances are not a few in which the promises of panic have been shamefully violated when authority has once more strengthened its hands. The concessions of Louis Philippe failed because they came too late; the concessions of Francis of Naples failed for the same reason; and Isabella of Spain has perhaps no choice but to threaten and be crushed.

THE Special Correspondents of the daily press seem to have been positively intoxicated by the splendour of the *fêtes* at Venice which they were sent out to describe. They write in spasms of exclamation and wonderment. The illumination on the night of the 12th, when the city burst out into blossoms of coloured light, into ardent jewellery of flame, and the dark waters of the streets and lanes reflected an earthly galaxy which made dim the stars of heaven, seems to have been the crowning glory of all. And truly it must have been a spectacle of enchantment to see the grand outlines of St. Mark's Cathedral leap from the night into vivid prominence of Bengal lights and many-tinted lamps—a vision of architectural beauty, traced in gems and fire. At that moment, the Italian deputy who remarked to the correspondent of the *Morning Post* that "the Venetians would not be quite so joyous when they had to pay Italian taxes," must have been as cynical as the east wind itself.

THE attitude of the French Government towards Greece in the Cretan affair has bred bad blood towards the Protector of Nationalities. "The French Government," says H'Elpis of Athens (Oct. 27), "is openly hostile to us in the affairs of Candia; it seizes our newspapers in Paris; it imposes silence on our numerous friends in France; it prevents any humanitarian intervention in our favour; it helps with its counsels the operations of the Turks; its agents in the East insult us; and, in short, it acts so that the Sultan, quite staggered, does not know how to express his gratitude." It then proceeds to complain that the French Consul gave a ball on board a French frigate in the Gulf of Sonda, in Candia, in the face of massacres and famine among the Christian population; and, still worse, "carried impropriety so far as even to counsel the Porte to shoot three Greek officers who had been taken prisoners. It concludes:—"The moment has not yet come to expose to the daylight the double game which has been played in the insurrection in Crete, and to prove how the responsibility of this sad affair falls principally on the French Government."

THE case of the Estates Investment Company (Limited), which involved disputes between the dissenting allottees and the directors, was heard on Tuesday before Vice-Chancellor Wood, who stood fast by the old-fashioned principle that a prospectus must not contain untrue representations of existing facts. In the case of the company in question he found that there had been misrepresentation, and he therefore decreed the return of the deposit money paid on the application for shares, and the removal of the allottees' names from the register,—directing the defendants to pay the costs of the suit.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago, the name of Don Miguel de Braganza was an important one in European politics; now, he dies quietly and obscurely at Brombach in the Grand-Duchy of Baden, and the younger generation ask who he was. The dissensions which his claims brought about were only terminated by his signing a document renouncing all right to the Portuguese Crown, and engaging to abstain from interference in the affairs of the kingdom. Since then, he has lived in various parts of Europe, and on the 14th inst. he died of apoplexy, at the age of sixty-four. In 1851 he married the German Princess Adelaide of Löwenstein-Wertheim-Rochefort and Rosenberg, by whom he had six daughters and one son. It was a fancy of this royal exile that his children should be, after a fashion, "born on Portuguese soil;" so, on each occasion, he would strew the floor under the nuptial bed and the cradle with earth from Portugal. This was again spread on the pavement below the font when the infants were christened; and so the princesses and the prince were supposed to be rendered true Portuguese. All his struggles and his dreams are now over, and with him passes away one more of those regal anachronisms who represent a forgotten order of things.

THE department of Woods and Forests have been engaged for the last few years in setting up claims to the "foreshore" of the Scottish coasts (that is to the land which lies between high and low water-mark) for which there is absolutely no justification in law, and which they never had any reason to believe were well-founded. The course they pursued was dirty, but cunning. They made small claims upon such proprietors of adjacent land as they thought were not likely to resist. If they were acceded to, they quietly pocketed the money; if the proprietor showed fight, they said no more about the matter. They evidently expected that in time they should thus accumulate a sufficient number of precedents to serve as a basis for a general claim of the whole foreshore of the sister kingdom. Unfortunately they made the mistake of attacking a Duke—and a pugnacious Duke too—and the consequence was that they came ignominiously to grief. It seems that in the year 1857 his Grace, who had already erected two piers on his estate at Roseneath, was minded to erect a third. He had never previously heard anything of the alleged right of the Crown to "foreshore," and he was therefore somewhat startled to receive from Mr. Howard a demand of eleven guineas (with £3. 4s. for costs) for a conveyance of the requisite land, together with a further demand in respect of the sites of the former piers. He refused to pay, whereupon the department abstained for a time from pressing their little bill. In 1859, however, they returned to the charge, stating with great emphasis that they had been "advised" that their claim was a good one, and that they meant to enforce it in a court of law. The Duke had also taken "advice," which was of such a nature that he promptly accepted their invitation to a legal tournament. His resolute attitude once more frightened the department. Nothing more was said on the subject; but it was subsequently discovered that the Lord Advocate had been first consulted on the subject some time *after* Mr. Howard's last threat, and that he had given a decided opinion against the Crown. It is therefore clear that in writing as he has done, the Hon. Mr. Howard had—to use the mildest expression—said the thing that was not, and that he had been simply trying to bully and browbeat the Duke out of his money. His Grace naturally resented the vexatious treatment to which he had been subjected, and formally complained of Mr. Howard's conduct to the Treasury. He obtained a somewhat reluctant admission that he had been rather hardly used, but he could not extract from "my Lords" anything like a censure of Mr. Howard. An Act of Parliament has since deprived that sharp-practising official of his power of annoyance in like cases by transferring the jurisdiction over foreshores to the Board of Trade. By that department it will no doubt be used for the protection of the public, instead of as a means of extorting money from the owners of land bordering on the sea. So far as Scotland goes there is every reason to believe that the Crown has no right whatever over the foreshore.

WE need scarcely here give the details of the correspondence between Lieutenant Brand and Mr. Buxton. The former, as our readers may have learned from the daily papers, wrote to the latter in language of the hottest description. Mr. Brand appears a very Hawser Truncheon in the vigour of his epithets, and if he expended as much energy in the service which has the honour of retaining him as he does in his letters

to Mr. Buxton, his promotion ought not to be far distant. Seriously, Lieutenant Brand appears to us incapable, as lawyers say, of managing his own affairs, and to place, or to leave, such a man in a post of responsibility is to be in a measure guilty of every act of intemperate stupidity to which he will inevitably gravitate. To be foul-mouthed in a rage, and discharge a broadside of curses when face to face with a supposed enemy, is bad enough; but to sit down and put it all on paper, curses included, argues an absence of self-restraint amounting to sheer lunacy. If Lieutenant Brand wrote those letters, he should be dismissed from the profession he disgraces. A reprimand would be thrown away upon him. There is an air of incorrigible impertinence and fatuity about his sentences which indicate the snob who should be suppressed, and the fool who should be set aside. He can be of no possible use to any party or calling.

A CONSIDERABLE "sensation," which caused something very nearly approaching a "row," was produced at the meeting of the Historical Society, held, on the evening of the 14th of November, in the Dining Hall of the University of Dublin. The opening meeting of the sessions of the College Historical are distinguished by an elaborate address of the auditor, which is followed by orations from one or two celebrities, and by the distribution of medals and certificates granted for merit in Oratory and History. Latterly, Judge Keogh, a Roman Catholic, whose anti-Cullen sentiments have recommended him to Trinity College, Dublin, has been the prominent visitor upon the "College Historical" nights. But at the last meeting the "sensation" was produced by the speech of the auditor, Mr. Richard Lane, the son of a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church in Ireland, who delivered an address upon "International Policy," and remarked in no flattering terms on the conduct of England in past times, representing her as going on a commercial mission "with the Bible in one hand and opium in the other." Mr. Lane censured the policy of England respecting Gibraltar, China, Japan, and India, and was about to touch on matters "nearer home," when he was obliged to shorten his address on account of frequent interruptions from a portion of his audience who did not agree with him. Professor Webb, then, in a manly speech, proposed the usual vote of thanks, but Chief Justice Whiteside declined to second it, and, owing to surprise, the motion fell to the ground. Judge Keogh then came forward, replied to the auditor, and defended England. Mr. Lane, however, is supposed to have had the best of the argument, and his speech will be printed by an enterprising Dublin publisher. Mr. Lane is distinguished for his literary acquirements, and also for his strength and skill as an athlete. He was an active member of Dr. Ball's committee last year, and in that capacity worked hard against Whiteside and Lefroy. His address was more a philosophical than a practical treatise, and his loyalty to England is undoubted, despite his courage in denouncing the defects of her foreign policy. It is considered among certain circles in Dublin that Mr. Lane was rather unworthily treated by Chief Justice Whiteside, who was expected to second the vote of thanks, and by Mr. Napier, who was president, when the motion was hastily declared lost for want of a seconder.

A YOUNG lad, aged sixteen, named Henry Gabbitas, attempted to murder a companion with a carving-knife and a hammer on last Tuesday. It is difficult to account for the development of a homicidal instinct at so early an age. Children are, as a rule, born with an inclination to torture something, and will take an exquisite delight in depriving insects of limbs and of putting them through horrible sufferings. A leading journal, some time since, brought forward this fact in connection with Miss Constance Kent. The knowledge of virtue only comes after the knowledge of evil, and a child is unacquainted with modesty. A boy of sixteen, however, who is precocious to the wicked degree of young Gabbitas, exhibits all the moral infirmity of a monster.

FROM various quarters of Ireland we have received intelligence of a sort of revival in the Fenian movement. In the south, the Government have directed that the military should be kept close in barracks, and gunboats are being sent round the coast, commanded usually by the first-lieutenants of line-of-battle ships. The sailors are seldom allowed on shore, and are forbidden intercourse with the peasantry or townspeople. We have no hesitation in saying that the withdrawal of Lord

Wodehouse has tended towards this unpleasant situation. In Dublin the law officers of the Crown have dodged off the trial of the Writ of Error in Mulcahy's case until next term. This was effected by the absence of the Attorney-General from Court. A sentry at Mountjoy Prison challenged a Fenian the other night who had scaled the walls, and when the guard was turned out the mysterious visitant had disappeared. We would distinctly recommend the execution of the next Fenian found guilty of treason in Ireland. The sense of insecurity propagated by this mischievous conspiracy, and the depreciation of public property, to say nothing of the immediate designs of plunder and rapine contemplated by its members, call for the exercise of a wholesome severity, which it is cruelty any longer to postpone.

THE American Congress wanted a representative for a very extensive class in the country, and has now got one. Mr. Morrissey, the new Senator, some time since retired from the ring, and with success enough to establish a gambling-house and a tavern. He is a rowdy and a bully by profession, and some time ago came to Ireland on a visit to his relatives, and it was hinted also in connection with the movements of Stephens. No wonder we should hear that the educated gentlemen of the United States avoid the disgrace of being elected to interfere in the Government.

SOME one is showing great ingenuity in the invention of false reports. Scarcely a week passes without a story being propagated which alarms or startles people for a short time, and is then brushed aside. At the close of last week, a rumour spread over London that the Prince of Wales had been killed in Russia while out hunting. It was a very unlikely thing, and the assertion did not find many believers; but it caused a certain disquietude until it was officially contradicted. What, however, is really true in connection with the marriage festivities at St. Petersburg is that the Princess Dagmar is ill—attacked by bronchitis at the very time when (if royal and imperial honeymoons are like plebeian) she ought to be at her brightest. The *fêtes* have been stopped for the present, in consequence of this untoward circumstance; but it is to be hoped that they will shortly be resumed, with the returning health of the fair bride.

SLANG is one of the institutions which have made wonderful progress in this our day. It has risen from the stable to the drawing-room; and, from the lips of a pretty woman, there are men who find it wonderfully fascinating. Learned professors have not scorned to stoop to it, and undergraduates have reeked with its unsavouriness. But its merits came on for discussion at the Oxford Union, on the 18th instant, when the motion for the debate was,—“That the habitual use of slang terms is unworthy of an educated Englishman.” The subject elicited a variety of speeches, says the *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal*, some solemn, some jocose, some witty, some the reverse; but, on a division, the upshot was that 23 members were in favour of “the habitual use of slang terms,” while only 11 were of opinion that “the habit is unworthy of an educated Englishman.” An amendment, to the effect that the habitual use of slang terms is “prejudicial,” was negatived without a division, and deserved its fate, if only for its vagueness; not, indeed, that the original motion was much better in this respect. But had both motion and amendment been as definite as could be wished, both must have failed. Slang is one of the psychological parts of the age, and we must put up with it, and make the best of it.

To sell short reels of cotton as “warranted 300 yards;” to dispose of a trumpery piano by means of a label purporting to have emanated from “Collard & Collard;” to make sherry out of Elbe water, corn brandy, and some chemical ethyl; to come before the world with only a shirt-front; to give a false address; to buy a diploma which enables one with a sort of impunity to retail one's vile pamphlets and filthy nostrums—none of these things, we imagine, would have suited Brutus—for “Brutus is an honourable man.” Nor would Brutus have availed himself of the following opening which is offered to the readers of a monthly gazette:—

“DEGREES.—THEOLOGICAL DEGREES of the Highest Order are CONFERRABLE upon Clergymen whose qualifications and position in the Church entitle them to receive them. The strictest confidence observed and required.

“Address ‘Consul,’ 31, Bush-lane, Cannon-street, London, E.C.”

We are glad “the strictest confidence is observed and required,” for there are some things which are better done in a corner. It would be useless for us to write and ask for an elucidation of this “trade art or mystery,” as we could not promise the reticence of an accomplice, but we hope by giving it publicity, it may receive the patronage or the investigation which it deserves. We advocate free trade in everything except in artful-dodgery, and have no wish to spoil fair sport if it be fair. But knowing as we do that a University degree is, unfortunately, not a criterion of intellectual powers, we are inclined to regard this advertisement as a monomaniac's method of proclaiming a truism. As Mr. F.'s aunt suddenly stated, with startling irrelevancy, “There's milestones on the Dover-road,” so, we conceive, some one has made it his object to inform the world that “theological degrees are conferrable (?) upon clergymen, &c.” But how about the “strictest confidence”? For it is so charming to think that these prizes are only for those “whose qualifications and position in the Church entitle them to receive them.” But we would remind our friends, in the strictest confidence, that a paternal government sometimes confers a degree on its convicts, and many a Monsieur Jean Valjean writes T.F. (*Travaux Forcés*) after his name, and enjoys a perpetual curacy at Brest or Toulon.

If, as is by no means improbable, the Ritualists and anti-Ritualists fight out their battle before the courts of law, the gentlemen of the long robe may count upon a tolerably rich harvest. Whenever a Churchman makes up his mind to a legal encounter, he is about as indomitable as a railway company troubled with a plethora of excursion accidents. A case lately decided by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council offers a strong illustration of this spirit. In 1863, Mr. Leach, one of the Registrars of the Court of Chancery, was unlucky enough to complain that the incumbent of the parish church of Waddington, York, neither preached nor read the services in his natural voice. This commenced a feud which led to the removal by the incumbent of a certain pew appurtenant to the Mansion House of Waddington Hall, and which Mr. Leach had, by the permission of the owner, used for upwards of forty years. The clergyman contended that the pew was removed during the rebuilding of the church, and that the act was therefore justified. This Mr. Leach met by stating that the church was only repaired and not rebuilt, and the Chancery Court of York decided in his favour and against the incumbent. From this decision the incumbent appealed to the Privy Council and has his appeal dismissed with costs. Whatever doctrines are taught at Waddington, Christian charity does not seem to abound.

It is a peculiarity of the prophetic souls, from the Rev. Dr. Cumming's down to that of the last leg who foretold, or said he foretold, a Derby winner, never to appear unabashed, and always to claim fulfilment of their predictions. Dr. Cumming, twenty years ago, fixed 1866 as the period when time should come to an end; and although he now asks for an extension of the period until 1868, he triumphantly points “to the 10,000 nuns and the 10,000 priests dispossessed by Victor Emmanuel, who are coming over to help Dr. Manning and the Puseyites to fight their last battle in England;” he asks, “Where are the scoffers now, by whom for twenty years he has been ridiculed?” and he predicts that if “any Jonah were to go to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, to the Royal Exchange, the centre of the commerce of this great nation, and proclaim the belief (as to 1868), he would be laughed at.” We shall not concern ourselves with the present whereabouts of the scoffers, but we want to know something about the army of priests and nuns. When Dr. Cumming has got them here, what does he intend to do with them? Does he propose that Leicester-square shall possess them? If so, the late attack upon the absurd statue which graces that salubrious locality may have been the act of their advanced corps, and only a commencement of that destruction of all things which the main body is destined to accomplish. However doubtful the other prophesying of Dr. Cumming may be, that as to Jonah seems a tolerably safe prediction. If the individual in question were to take the course which Dr. Cumming proposes for him, he would undoubtedly be laughed at, and very probably be locked up by the police as a public nuisance and dangerous lunatic.

LAST week we called attention in a note to the brilliant display of literary fireworks which followed the meteoric show. One writer, we remarked, by a striking figure reduced a star to

a teething infant, and went as close as possible to bringing his metaphor to measles or to vaccination. We suspect he must have read an early copy of Raphael's *Almanack*. There is another Richmond in the field besides Lieutenant Morrison and the astronomical father who does the heavens for the *Telegraph*. He has modestly assumed the name and style of an archangel, and invites the general public to come and buy for half a crown an amount of prophecy sufficient to extend over the entire of the year 1867. Those who are interested in Reform, or in the Earl of Derby, should consult him. He knows what time the moon is favourable or unfavourable to toothache, and the happiest moment for applying lunar caustic to corns. He is in close communication with Saturn, and chronicles how in July he "halts to ponder on the effect of his sting and the woes he has produced." Our prophet is rather hard on the ladies. When the sun is "going to his conjunction" we had better look out for squalls—

"It may be inferred that trouble has arisen through some indiscretion with some lady which may produce public censure or discredit. When Venus is afflicted by Saturn at a revolution in a male's horoscope, troubles assuredly arise through females."

The Czar, "if born near noon, had better take heed. Saturn will cause him affliction." The Prince of Wales is liable to an accident in August, Mars being unpropitious and presiding over breech-loaders. The rubbish is occasionally nasty as well as ridiculous, and we cannot imagine what class or manner of people would be foolish enough to spend money on it.

OUR French neighbours have acquired so strong a taste for horse-flesh since the victories of *Gladiateur*, that in Paris alone 40,000 lb. weight per week are required from the butchers for steak and soup. Boiling old racers appears ungrateful. We imagine, however, it will be some time before a dish directly from the cab-stand will be popular in London, although our poor people do eat sausages.

DR. LANKESTER held an inquest on James Newboy, a fireman, killed on the Great Western Railway, and we read that a number of students made great fun out of the corpse in the presence of the poor man's wife. The blackguards belong to St. Mary's Hospital, and surely there ought to be some means of punishing them for an outrage upon common decency, and an insult to a noble profession upon which such ruffianism casts so ugly a reflection.

CHOLERA lingers amongst us yet, but seems to be drawing to the end of its course. Last week there were only 32 deaths, against 67 in the week previous. On Sunday and Monday there were only two deaths, and on Tuesday one.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

SURELY, the eyes of Europe are upon us! We form the subject of a lively squib in the *Saturday*; we occupy column after column, in what people love to call the leading journal, not only in the small print of the correspondence, but in the leaden type of an article. Why is this? Why have we not the blessed gift of the sister University—along the cool, sequestered vale of life to keep the noiseless tenor of our way? Why does no one write about young Cambridge? Why are we, as it were, the tribe of Reuben, for whose "divisions there were great searchings of heart"? We ask all this, not by way of self-laudation, but longing rather for a lotus-eater's land, in which it seemeth always afternoon; and believing implicitly that it is the pursuit of high mathematics and pure scholarship which never lets the angry passions rise on the banks of the Cam; whereas it must be that Plato and physical science, and German philosophy and political history, act upon us as the garlic upon which the fighting cocks were trained and stimulated in the days of Aristophanes. Perhaps, by-and-by, we may be able to write our testimonial. "Fifty years indescribable activity from nervous irritability cured by a few doses of"—what? We want the blank filled up.

Meanwhile, one and another writes to the *Times*, putting forth the drawbacks and the difficulties in the way of Keble College, and showing how little it would meet our present needs. The question of the establishment of such a college has been discussed two months ago in the columns of the *LONDON REVIEW*, a long vacation lucubration, and need not be

restated here. But we cannot lose this opportunity of protesting against the system of a public subscription for the endowment of a new college; any extension of the kind which is ever to take place within the walls of the University ought to be done at the expense of the University. And if any one is inclined to dispute this statement, let him get a sheet of paper, and rule a line down the centre, and then pay a morning call to the Bursar of every college and ask him to fill in the figures under these two heads:—

1. Total revenues; 2. Amount spent on education.

It seems to us that the grand total of the two columns when added up would be something to startle one of the seven sleepers. The results of the Commission of 1851, in opening all Fellowships, set side by side with the increasing income of colleges, are producing evil as well as good. College endowments are in danger of being frittered away in prizes to young men who pass a good degree examination, stand for a fellowship, gain it and disappear from the scene; drawing their cheques from the college with praiseworthy regularity. Let us by all means have a certain number of these non-resident fellows; but let there be a judicious limit to the system. Let the main body of the college revenues be devoted to educational purposes; and, if you will, let the non-resident fellowships be less valuable, or terminable, or both. Let there be something to make it worth while for some of the best men to devote their best years to college work. Indeed, it is a question which may well be asked, on the other side, whether an income of some £200 secured (till marriage) to a young fellow beginning the world, is not often a temptation to an idle life, or at any rate to delay in grappling with the drudgery of a new profession. This by the way. We return to our original proposition. Such an inspection as we have proposed of the use to which college moneys are mainly devoted, ought to make us ashamed to see the £26,000 so painfully scraped together as the nucleus of a new Oxford endowment.

You have been already informed of the excitement during the late election of members to serve on the Council, and some remarks were offered upon the unfortunate party spirit which dictates many of the votes in open defiance of University interests, and often of personal principle. But what we whispered, Mr. Goldwin Smith has roared. He sees in the present condition of University feeling "a great political and theological party (more political, if we may judge by its ultimate preferences, than theological) acting for non-academical objects, recruited to a great extent from non-academical sources, and labouring under perfect discipline, and with fell unity of purpose, to hold the University in subjection, and fill her government with its nominees. It is as exterminating as Islam. No academical merit, no learning, no capacity, no experience in academical affairs, no devotion to the service of the University, can escape proscription at its hands." He sees no remedy for this abnormal state of things except in a fresh Parliamentary interference, which shall exclude from Congregation "the non-academical elements which form the main part of the strength of this party domination;" and he thinks the House of Commons would not be unwilling to undertake the task of fresh University legislation. Perhaps a great many sober thinkers were in truth astonished at the votes recorded at that recent election; and some, indeed, went so far as to ask with surprise what sort of pressure that was which forced men out of their own avowed lines on that day; what for instance could justify a professedly Low Church curate in exerting himself on behalf of a pronounced Anglican?

But a partial answer to such anomalies is supplied by a published letter, addressed to Mr. Goldwin Smith, by Mr. P. G. Medd, of University College, in which he candidly acknowledges that his vote and that of many others is regulated, not by the merit of the candidates, but by the assurance of a vote against any Abolition of Tests. That change in the principle of the University would be, he writes, "so undesirable, that, for my own part, so long as I know that it is the ceaseless endeavour of those who call themselves 'Liberals' to effect it, and, as a step to Parliamentary interference, to secure the expression of an opinion in favour of it, by a majority in Council or Congregation, I must feel myself constrained, in elections to the former body, to vote for those whom, however, I might prefer others on general academical grounds, I can trust to take the Conservative side on this cardinal question. I may add, that although nothing that I write commits any one but myself, I believe many of those who composed the majorities in which you find it so difficult to acquiesce, were largely influenced by the considerations I have described." Mr. Smith's pamphlet, from which we have already quoted, and in which he deplores the necessity of holding meetings to secure the election of candidates, has called forth a *jeu d'esprit* by way of answer.

Mr. Smith lays himself open to attack in several ways, which, of course, the satirist does not spare. Professor Mansel was suggested at once as the sprightly author, but we doubt if the writer of the "Phrontisterion" would care to couple his name with these hasty lines. The following passage refers to the close voting between Messrs. Turner and Wayte in the late election. Mr. Smith is supposed to say, by way of travesty upon his own words:—

"To save beloved Oxford from the yoke
(For this majority's beyond a joke),
We must combine, ay, hold a caucus-meeting,
Unless we want to get another beating.
That they should 'bottle' us, is nothing new—
But shall they bottle us and caucus too?
See the 'fell unity of purpose' now
With which Obstructives plunge into the row!
'Factious Minorities,' we used to sigh—
'Factions Majorities' is now the cry.
'Votes—ninety-two'—no combination here:
'Votes—ninety-three'—conspiracy, 'tis clear!"

Mr. Goldwin Smith says in his pamphlet, "With open Fellowships, Oxford will soon produce a supply of men fit for the work of high education beyond her local demands, and in fact with no career before them unless a career can be opened elsewhere." To this the satirist—

"To what a varied feast of learning then
Should we invite our intellectual men!
Professor Casely should instruct our flock
To analyse the mysteries of Locke—
Barnum should lecture them on rhetoric,
The Davenports upon the cupboard trick—
Robson and Redpath, Strahan and Paul and Bates,
Should store the minds of undergraduates—
From Fagin's lecture-room a class should come
Versed in all arts of finger and of thumb,
To illustrate in practice (though by stealth)
The transitory character of wealth.
And thus would Oxford educate indeed,
Men far beyond a merely local need—
With no career before them, I may say,
Unless they're wise enough to go away
And seek far West or in the distant East
Another flock of pigeons to be fleeced."

The *Churchman* exhorts all its readers to spend 6d. in securing a copy of this poem, so we need not quote any more of it.

We suppose that the now famous article of "Young Oxford" was intended to stand to the real condition of the University as Dean Swift's histories of Liliput, Brobdignag, and the Yahoos did to the political affairs of his own day—that is, that facts were suggested by telling taradiddles. We have not ourselves witnessed the outdoor wearing of vestments, except the substitution on the part of the young clergy of several types of wide-awakes for that hat which the "Yankee" correspondent of the *Spectator* calls the "stove-pipe;" but we have no doubt that a Protestant, when his suspicions have been once aroused, will see a biretta in a smoking-cap, and a chasuble in a night-shirt. But stay—we did see one phenomenon a fortnight ago in the shape of a young man with a "talaris tunica," of what ladies would call "rep," girt about his loins with a bell-rope and tassel, and a felt hat turned up at the sides and secured there, like a dean's hat which had been sat upon. It is also fair to add that he was a stranger. But we also know that incense is displayed in the window of a small shop opposite Balliol, and we also know that small parties of undergraduates have "functions" in their rooms, much to the advantage of their grocers and tallow-chandlers. We also remember the same thing years ago, when young gentlemen in one or two colleges liked to wear their surplices by candle-light, and when meat dinner in hall on Fridays was commuted by young devotees for the rubrical lobster or Anglo-Catholic oyster, according to the season. These things will not do much harm if mistaken people do not invest them with undue importance.

Any one looking into the window of the excellent Mr. Rowell, our great Oxford jeweller, might pause for a moment and collect his thoughts, and wonder if he was in the great seat of learning, as he reads no less than eleven placards, proclaiming various athletic sports of this and that college, and as his eyes wander over clocks, and cups, and claret-jugs, and salt-cellars, and inkstands, and table ornaments, the rewards of muscle and not of mind. But we shall not quarrel with this development of *γυμναστική* as long as the *μουσική* stands as well as it does on the lists of names issued for the present examinations, which give us 90 candidates for honours in Moderations, 53 in Great-go, and 30 in the School of Law and Modern History.

P.S.—We have to record the melancholy intelligence of the death, on Tuesday night, Nov. 20th, of Canon Shirley, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. He had been lying almost hopelessly ill for some weeks, but up to the last day of his life his friends clung to the possibility of the disease taking a favourable turn. Thus, at the early age of thirty-eight, there passes away from us another friend, devoted to the education of the University, at the very beginning of a career so prosperous, that he might well be envied as well as loved by his contemporaries. Truly, we draw near to the end of a *luctuosissimus annus*.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THOSE unmistakable harbingers of our winter musical season, the great sacred choral societies, have commenced their concerts—the National Choral Society on Tuesday night with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" and the Sacred Harmonic Society's first concert having been announced for last (Friday) evening—the latter, of course, too late for our notice this week.

Mr. Martin's National Choral Society has, during the six years of its existence, made good progress both in efficiency of performance and in that increase of members and subscribers which is a sure sign and consequence of success. This society gives ten grand performances during the season, at which the great oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn form the chief features. It is true the works performed are generally the same that are given by the older institution, the Sacred Harmonic Society. As the two societies, however, appeal to audiences that are, to a large extent, distinct; and as such music will bear any number of repetitions, and, moreover, always fills the room with eager hearers, the policy has good grounds of justification. Still it would be well to give some special feature once in each season by the performance of a work little known; there is much of Handel's sacred music in this category, while Bach's choral works have been as yet almost ignored here. No doubt the production of such compositions involves large extra expense; and probably now that Mr. Martin's society is so successfully established, he will before long extend his efforts in the direction we have indicated. The performance of "Elijah" on Wednesday evening brought forward a new tenor singer, Mr. J. Kerr Gedge, a gentleman, we believe, from a provincial cathedral choir. His voice is agreeable in quality, he sings well in tune, and possesses much earnest pathos and expression. His phrasing, however, is as yet deficient in markedness of rhythm, and he has still to acquire that elevation of style in declamatory passages which sacred music so imperatively demands. He gave the air "If with all your hearts" so well as at once to secure his success with his audience. Mr. Gedge has excellent capabilities; and having time before him, it will be his own fault if he fails to make a good position here as an oratorio singer. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who was to have sung the principal soprano part, was prevented by illness, and her place was suddenly supplied by Madame Suchet Champion, who evinced perfect readiness for the arduous task. This lady's voice is bright and fresh in quality, and her intonation excellent—merits that are valuable and not invariable in public singers. Miss Lucy Franklein is making her way as she deserves to do—she has a genuine contralto voice, if not very powerful, admirably sympathetic in quality. Her singing of "Oh, rest in the Lord" well merited the encore which it received. The trio, "Lift thine eyes," was unusually well given by the two ladies already mentioned, and Miss Wood (a member of the Society), who, at the last moment, replaced Miss Fanny Armytage; absent, like Madame Sherrington, from indisposition. It is not necessary to do more than mention that Mr. Santley sang the part of "Elijah"—his many repetitions of that performance having made the whole musical public familiar with its excellence. So admirable is it as almost to eclipse the recollection of the late Herr Staudigl in the same music some twenty years since.

At the Popular Concert of Monday next Herr Wilhelmj is to appear, when we shall have an opportunity of speaking of this gentleman's performance of classical chamber music—it will be remembered that we recorded, a few weeks since, the effect which he produced by his marvellously fine playing of a concerto by Paganini at one of the Crystal Palace Concerts.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. FALCONER's opening of Her Majesty's Theatre for a short dramatic season has been a melancholy failure. In his new drama, called "Oonagh, or the Lovers of Lisnamona," he has outshone himself in prolixity and feeble construction. The play began at eight o'clock, and, without any pauses between the five acts, lasted until nearly one o'clock the next morning. The first act was a good solid piece of conversation about two lovers, which lasted for one hour and a half, and told the experienced what they might expect later in the evening. Long before the close of the third act half the audience had left, and the other half were standing up in various parts of the house ready to go, and amusing themselves by laughing at the unfortunate actors. The more unfortunate

critics kept manfully to their posts until the last, without sending for relays of men, except in one or two instances. The public little know what heroic courage and powers of endurance are required to make a good dramatic reporter. The drama had the usual Irish ingredients—two pigs, a quarry scene, a Ribbon lodge meeting, and a trial, and plenty of brogue. Mr. Falconer is a man of some talent, both as an actor and as an author, but he appears to be totally unfit to manage a theatre out of leading strings.

At the Haymarket, on Wednesday night, Mr. Burnand produced one of his very weakest burlesques under the title of "Antony and Cleopatra." His story was obscure, his writing not brilliant, and his stage "business" dull. Mr. Charles Mathews, who played Antony, helped the piece by introducing a wild comic "patter" song of his own composition, called the "Mad Mathematician," which obtained an encore, but the burlesque came to a close amidst much hissing. There really seems to be a slight revival of taste amongst theatrical audiences, in spite of the efforts of managers to smother it. Mrs. Mathews had nothing to do but to display her personal attractions. The singing was execrable.

The orchestral music at our theatres is in a very degraded state, and the Haymarket is now nearly the only house in London, with the exception of the Princess's, where the overtures and dance music between the acts can be listened to with pleasure. The improvement effected in the Haymarket orchestra since it has been under the direction of Mr. F. Wallerstein, is noticeable and remarkable. The selections from "Faust" are performed with a charming balance and precision.

Miss Helen Faucit has reappeared at Drury-lane Theatre in "As You Like It," and "The Lady of Lyons;" and "Faust" has been performed on alternate nights. Miss Faucit looks and acts as well as she did two years ago at the same theatre.

Miss Glyn is giving a series of dramatic readings at the St. James's Hall with musical accompaniments.

Madame Stodare, a young and interesting young lady, has resumed the conjuring entertainments given with so much success by her late husband, Colonel Stodare, at the Egyptian Hall. Madame Stodare appears herself and exhibits the chief scientific tricks—the "Sphinx" and the "Marvel of Mecca."

An old drama of the "Robert Macaire" class, once played in nearly every theatre in London under the title of "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life," is in preparation at the Lyceum. The author is Mr. Henry Leslie, and the new title will be "Rouge et Noir."

SCIENCE.

THE valuable properties of concentrated extract of flesh, first pointed out by Baron Liebig, are daily becoming more and more appreciated, and *extractum carnis* is likely to become an important article of export from those parts of the world—and notably South America and Australia—where cattle are abundant and cheap. Carefully-selected lean meat, finely minced and macerated in water at 60° for twelve hours, and then the solution evaporated at a temperature not exceeding 160°, yields, according to Messrs. Deane and Brady, 2 per cent. of extract, which is light coloured, very fragrant, readily soluble, and highly hygroscopic in damp weather. Similarly prepared meat first macerated in cold water for twelve hours, and then gradually raised in a water-bath to 160°, yielded, upon evaporation, 3 per cent. of an extract somewhat darker in colour, and containing a small but perceptible portion of gelatinous matter, but in flavour and odour as unexceptionable as the cold water extract, and with nearly an equal tendency to absorb water. The value of a sample of extract of meat is in direct relation to its crystalloid, and inversely to its colloid constituents; and these may be separated by the process of dialysis, or the relative proportions of the two may be readily estimated approximately by the microscope. The hygroscopic properties of the extract have a close relation to the amount of crystalloids it contains. It has been proposed to determine the amount of gelatinous constituents by precipitation with tannic acid; but Baron Liebig states that the portion of the juice of flesh, which is soluble in cold water but not in alcohol, is precipitated by tannic acid; the precipitate softens like plaster in warm water, and cannot be distinguished from tannate of gelatine, but it differs from gelatine in a characteristic property—it does not gelatinize when concentrated. Extract of meat may therefore yield a precipitate with tannic acid, even when free from gelatine. According to a recent communication from Mr. Seekamp, a pupil of Baron Liebig now superintending the preparation of the extract at Fray Bentos, 34 lb of fresh lean meat (corresponding with 45 to 48 lb of butchers' meat, inclusive of fat and bones) yield only 1 lb of the extract as now prepared at that locality. The meat of oxen yields an extract of darker colour and stronger flavour—suggesting the flavour of fresh venison—than that of the cow, which, on account of its milder flavour, is preferred by many. The flesh of animals under four years of age cannot be used for the manufacture of extract, yielding a pappy extract of weak taste, like veal without flavour.

Mr. Charles Brooke, F.R.S., observes in a letter to Professor Tyndall,—It has long been known that if a bar of antimony and one of bismuth be connected, and a current be transmitted from antimony to bismuth, heat will be developed at the point of junction; and, on the contrary, if the current pass from bismuth to antimony cold will be produced. Now it struck me that if in the former, as in all other cases in which heat is developed in the passage of a current, a portion of electric potential is (as I believe) converted into

thermic potential or heat, there ought, in the latter case, to be an inductive conversion of thermic into electric potential; and if so, there should be a loss of current in the first instance, and a gain in the second—and such appears to be the fact. On duly balancing the thermo-element above mentioned in a Wheatstone's bridge, the deflection of the needle followed the direction of the current, and the anticipated loss or gain of current was fully realized.

Mr. F. P. Le Roux has submitted to the French Academy some "Theoretical and Experimental Researches on Thermo-Electrical Currents," the results of which he considers establish the following proposition:—When absorptions or emissions of heat take place in a circuit in the measure of the intensity of the current, these effects are proportionate to the amount of electromotive force generated or destroyed. In investigating the celebrated experiment of Becquerel on the production of a thermo-electric current in a wire twisted on itself at one spot, M. Le Roux came to the conclusion that the condition producing the current is the contact of two portions of wire having a different temperature. In discussing the thermo-electric effects produced on the contact of two masses of the same nature and different temperatures, he points out a cause not before recognised, which evidently influences the disengagement of electricity observed. It is based on the fact shown successively by M. Babinet and Sir W. Thompson, that two pieces of the same metal, one in the natural condition and the other stretched, give rise to thermo-electric phenomena when the temperature of their point of contact is raised. Finally, M. Le Roux concludes that the electro-motive force is in all cases a function of the temperature. As, moreover, electro-motive force and electric tension are synonymous, each body possesses an electrical tension measured by the product of a function of the temperature identical for all bodies, and of a co-efficient special for each. Thermo-electricity is therefore a property of matter, and not an accident of a substance. The conception of an absolute electrical tension a function of the temperature, promises to account for many phenomena, especially atmospheric electricity; to explain the pre-existence of chemical action or of electrical action; and to assist in identifying heat with electricity.

The cat was worshipped in Egypt as a symbol of the moon, not only because more active at night, but from the priests conceiving that the contraction and dilatation of the eye afforded an emblem of the increase and decrease of the moon's ever-changing orb. In the British Museum may be seen several figures of the cat, headed Goddess Pasht, under which name the moon was worshipped by the Egyptians. Pasht signifying the face of the moon. Pasht is compounded of the consonants P, SH, T; T is the Coptic feminine article, which, being omitted, the name is reduced to P-SH, but the aspirate SH should be the tenuis S, and then the word would be P S, as in Hebrew, which may be pronounced "Pas" or "Pus" (Puss). It thus appears that our familiar name for the cat can boast of a very high antiquity.

Dr. Tilbury Fox, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Quekett Microscopical Society, has invited the attention of the members to the part played by fungi in the production of diseased conditions in plants and animals: first, the probability of the frequent existence of the germs of fungi in the textures of healthy living beings and in situations to which the external air has no access; the modes by which fungi effected an entrance to these spots; the fact that parasitic germs enter the systems of plants and animals at a much earlier date than is generally believed, through the soft textures of the young tissues; that fungi lie dormant a long time in the system until favourable conditions occur to promote their growth; that fungi only become causes of disease when they develop to an undue amount; that fungi will not flourish on a healthy surface; the distinctive features of vegetable and animal structures, especially artificial germination; and the effects, chemical or other, produced by the growth of fungi. Dr. Fox illustrated all these different conditions by a reference to the phenomena of "ring-worm" and allied diseases. Mr. M. C. Cooke detailed cases (confirmatory of Dr. Fox's observations) in which the germs of mildew and rust must have been contained in the seed, and developed as the plant grew up, and other cases in which these germs must have entered through the first pair of young (cotyledonous) leaves.

Cafetannic acid, according to M. Hlasiwetz, is a glucoside resembling tannin, and may be transformed into glucose and a crystallizable acid C^{18}, H^{16}, O^8 , which the author calls *cafeic acid*. This new acid is allied to *ferulic acid*, previously discovered in *assafœtida* by M. Hlasiwetz as well as to *proto-catechucic acid*.

Much disturbance to the action of electro-magnetic machines is caused by the oxidation produced by the sparks from extra currents preventing metallic contact, and thus greatly weakening the power of the machine. Extra currents are of two kinds, one opposite in direction to the normal current, produced when connection with the battery is established, and discoverable by its neutralizing to a greater or less extent the battery current. The other, in the same direction as the battery-current, is produced when connection with the battery is interrupted. It retards the demagnetization of the electro-magnet, and, by causing oxidation, prevents perfect metallic contact between the different sections of the conductor. Dr. Dugardin has discovered a simple means of preventing the latter evil by providing a separate conductor for the extra current. He effects this object by permanently connecting the poles of the electro-magnet with a small helix of wire, which offers so little resistance to the ordinary galvanic current on account of its low intensity, as to divert but a very small amount of it from the helix belonging to the electro-magnet. Were the wire of the resistance coil thus introduced of any considerable length, the effect produced

upon it by induction would be very mischievous. But its resisting power is derived, not from its length, but from the material of which it is constructed, viz., a very thin wire of iron, or, what is still preferable, maillechort, an alloy of zinc and cobalt. A helix containing only one metre of the latter will produce as much resistance as many kilometres of telegraphic wire, and thus the interposed helix may be extremely minute even for a very large electro-magnet.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE chief financial event of the past week has been the successful introduction of a new Russian loan. The nominal total is for six millions sterling, at 86, or, allowing for deductions, about 82. It is long since any project of this sort was received with the slightest favour, but apparently the public have in some degree recovered their confidence, since the scrip is firm at $2\frac{1}{2}$ premium, and the subscriptions already amount to several times more than the actual sum required. As the list does not close until this evening, and all the largest applications are invariably delayed to the last moment, they will probably constitute a formidable total. In one respect, perhaps, the desire to subscribe here is prompted by the expectation that the stock may be advantageously disposed of in Holland, where the loan has been introduced simultaneously with London. One thing, however, is very certain, that there is no want of capital in the country, since it is evident that enormous sums are now lying idle and only awaiting some return of trust to be placed in fresh investments. The readiness with which the late Australian loans have been taken and the very large subscriptions for the new Russian stock are proof positive. We have thus a fresh indication that the crisis of last May was produced simply by want of confidence and not by want of capital. It is absurd to suppose that within the last six months we have received such sums from abroad as would enable the public to enter into engagements for some thirty millions, and at the same time cause the rate of discount to fall to 4 per cent. Doubtless we have received some supplies of gold from India and Australia, but quite insufficient to cause so radical a change. The true explanation lies in the fact that people have rallied from their previous apprehension, and that consequently money which had been previously hoarded is now coming back into circulation.

Owing, probably, to the new Russian loan, and the expectation that it is merely the precursor of other operations, the directors of the Bank again abstained yesterday from lowering their rate of discount. This resolution, however, has no effect of importance, since the terms current in the open market appear to have dropped permanently below the Bank level. As regards checking the introduction of other foreign loans, the decision to remain at 4 per cent. is of course valueless. The spendthrift Governments of the Continent care little about an extra one per cent. or so, and if they see but a fair chance of placing a fresh batch of bonds, will not be kept back by the announcement that the Bank of England rate remains at 4 per cent. instead of being reduced to $3\frac{1}{2}$. The practical effect of this measure is limited to the discount business of the Bank itself. We are not disposed to quarrel with the policy of the directors, since, in the present state of affairs, it is powerless to influence matters one way or the other. If they like to shut themselves out from the discount business of the country generally, that is their concern, or rather, that of the stockholders. With the exception of persons holding deposits or contracts based on the allowance of the Bank rate, who no doubt feel justly dissatisfied, the public are not particularly interested in the matter. If a first-class merchant can, from the plethora of money, get his bills discounted at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in Lombard-street or Cornhill, he does not trouble his head whether the Bank rate is 4, 5, or 6. This is precisely the case now. As usual, a few old clients regularly apply to the Bank; otherwise, the discount-office might be closed altogether.

Rumour is already busy with the names of the foreign Governments who are ready to accommodate the British public with their doubtful securities. It would be useless to make a catalogue of the intending borrowers, since it would be merely a repetition of the chief countries in almost all parts of the globe. A list of those who do not want to borrow would, on the other hand, be short enough. It is to be hoped that the public will not allow themselves to be tempted into taking these often unprofitable investments. Still, however, the abundance of capital is sure to make itself felt in the long run. A possessor of a few thousand pounds who is offered a good 6 per

cent., besides a considerable bonus in the shape of a drawing by lottery, is irresistibly induced to take his money from the safe custody of his bankers, where perhaps he gets a bare 3 per cent., and to embark it in so flattering a speculation. All that is required is of course a certain feeling of confidence, and this is only a question of time. However distrustful people may occasionally be, and in particular after a crisis, sooner or later the feeling is sure to wear away.

The other day the Master of the Rolls took occasion to administer a sharp rebuke to the liquidators of failed companies for employing the funds as they were realized in loans on the Stock Exchange. His Honour evidently thought this plan involved an indefinable amount of risk, whereas, in truth, it is the safest operation that can be ventured upon. A person who lends £80 on the security of £100 Consols which are put into his (the lender's) name cannot possibly lose, even if a fall of 10 per cent. take place. Neither can he be defrauded of his security, since it is absolutely his, and cannot be taken from him until he signs the transfer conveying it back to the borrower. It does not seem to be generally known that when a loan is made upon stock, registered shares, and the like, that the practice is invariably adopted of transferring the stock or shares into the name of the lender. When the loan is paid off the latter transfers them back again to the borrower. Occasionally this gives some insight into the course of speculation on the Stock Exchange. Suppose, for example, that some large purchases of a particular railway have taken place, it is of importance for the dealers to know whether they are speculative, that is, for resale at a higher price, or *bonâ fide*, viz., for permanent investment. This is ascertained by the names of the persons to whom the stock is ordered to be transferred. If the amounts are comparatively small, and to a number of different people, the purchases are for investment; if individually large, and bankers' names are passed, they are probably speculative. The reason for this last conclusion is that the real buyer has been unable to find the whole of the money required and has borrowed a portion from his bankers, to whom, for security, he causes his stock to be transferred, until a favourable opportunity occurs for realizing. This plan used some years ago to be very extensively practised, but it is less frequent now.

DURING the week ending Wednesday the gold sent into the Bank of England amounted to £406,000, and there were no withdrawals for export.

The directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have decided to call a special general meeting of members for the 3rd proximo, to consider the propriety of memorializing Government as to the causes of the recent commercial and financial crisis, and the working of the Bank Charter Act.

The report of the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada states that the net profits for the half-year ending with September amounted to £12,224, out of which a dividend is recommended at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, less Income-tax; that £2,963 be added to the reserve fund, and that £250 be applied to the reduction of the preliminary expenses account.

At the biddings for Consol Bills on India on Wednesday, tenders were invited for £300,300, but owing to a cessation in the demand for remittances the applications were comparatively few, and only £163,350, or little more than one half, were allotted. For Bombay the amount taken was only £25,150. The terms obtained were from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lower than at the previous biddings.

Advices from Frankfort mention that there is now more animation on the Bourse, and that the great plethora of money in the market has brought the rate of discount down to less than 3 per cent. An opinion prevails that no warlike complications are to be apprehended for the present, and this draws out the hitherto hoarded supplies of coin.

The official answer reported by telegraph on Tuesday to have been given by the United States' Secretary of the Treasury to the inquiry as to the manner in which the principal of the Five-Twenty Bonds is to be paid is that he regards them, as his predecessor also regarded them, as payable in coin. But although he is able to point to the fact that the bonds that have matured since the suspension of specie payments have been so paid, and is able to state that he has "no doubt" the same course will be pursued with all the others, it is felt that it would be better if the matter, instead of being dependent in any way on the interpretation that may be given to it by the Cabinet for the time being, could, by the introduction of some measure in Congress, be placed upon the unassailable legal basis of a national law.

The private advices from Rio by the Brazilian mail confirm the previous statement that the Government have no idea whatever of making any loan out of the country. All the money required for the war will be raised at home. In the money market a slow but steady recovery of confidence has taken place, and the funds are 1 per cent. better at 91. The current rate of discount for the best bills was 8 to 9 per cent., but the Government were able to get all they required at 6 per cent. The departure of Marshal Caxias for the seat of war had produced an excellent effect, as he has been fortunate in every command he has undertaken, and his name carries much weight, both with the army and the people.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

JESSE'S GEORGE III.*

MR. JESSE has spoilt what might have been an entertaining book by attempting to combine two incompatible things: a domestic and a political life of George III. He might have written an amusing biography, for his style is easy and his reading extensive; but he is quite incompetent (as we shall show) to write a history of such a momentous reign as that which extended from 1760 to 1820, and which saw greater changes than any period of equal length since the fall of Rome. The loss of America, the conquest of India, the French Revolution, the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the crushing out of all public spirit in England, are events requiring in the historian powers of a very different order from those necessary to chronicle the sayings and doings of a Court. There are many things about George III. which are well worth knowing, despite the satire of Wolcott, the fierce invective of Lendor, and the polished sneer of Thackeray.

George the king was very different from George the gentleman. In the latter capacity, he has never had justice done to him. By one set of writers, he has been described as a heaven-sent model of a patriarchal ruler, something only a little (if at all) below an angel; by others, as everything that was wicked and weak. George III. was neither. He was a plain, well-meaning, narrow-minded, obstinate man, fond of quiet domestic pleasures, not without a taste for the arts, and of a kindly disposition. He was never very bright, his education had been much neglected; and, to his latest day, his knowledge of public business was little better than that of an ordinary clerk. At eleven years of age, he was unable to read English—at least, Walpole says so, but it can hardly be the fact, considering that on the 4th of January, 1749, he enacted Portius in Addison's "Cato," and that he also spoke the prologue to the play. At the age of eighteen, Mrs. Calderwood describes him as "having no tendency to vice, and, as yet, of very virtuous principles, though the ladies lay themselves out in the most shameful manner to draw him in." His coldness may have been owing to something more than "virtuous principles," for it was about this time he became acquainted with Hannah Lightfoot, daughter of a Quaker tradesman of Wapping. It is not known when or where the Prince and the Quakeress first saw each other; but the *entremetteuse* was Miss Chudleigh, the infamous Duchess of Kingston of later days. In a matter where all is mystery and contradiction, it is not easy to say what was the exact nature of the tie between the young couple. In 1754, either Hannah married one Axford, and left him at the altar to go and live with the Prince, or, what is far more probable, if the lady really felt any religious scruples (as we are assured she did), the Prince himself married her under the assumed name of Axford. It is a disputed point whether there was any issue of this connection; we believe there was; and, assuming the marriage to be a fact, the offspring stand in a very curious relation to the Crown. We have, however, no desire to reopen a question that has already puzzled the heads of some of our acutest lawyers. Hannah is supposed to have survived her early lover, but of her death there is no record. Her portrait, described as "Mrs. Axford," and painted by Reynolds, may be seen at Knowle Park; and, unless our memory is very treacherous, it was exhibited in 1862 among other specimens of Sir Joshua's brush. How soon Prince George grew tired of the frail Quakeress is not known; but in 1760 he was so captivated by the fascinating Lady Sarah Lennox that he indirectly offered to marry her. Lady Sarah had the Stuart blood in her veins, and thought her birth quite as good as that of her Royal lover; but the Crown matrimonial had little attraction for her, and the King's love cooled. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall says, in true courtly vein, that George III. "subdued his passion by the strength of his reason, his principles, and his sense of public duty"—the fact being that his mother's control over him was so strong and complete that he feared to do anything to which she was opposed. She had prevented the Wolfenbuttel match, arranged by George II., and now, alarmed by the Lennox episode, she took effectual steps to thwart any amorous intrigues that might imperil her position. Colonel Graham, one of her creatures, was sent on a matrimonial expedition to the Continent with instructions not to return until he had found a wife for the young King. We all know how he succeeded in his mission, and that Sophia Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz became Queen Consort. Thus ended, as in a novel, all the romance in the life of George III.

In describing such little incidents as these Mr. Jesse is quite at home, although, even here, his peculiar weakness displays itself. He has no idea of the value of evidence, and takes all club-gossip and back-stairs scandal as authentic; and if contradictory accounts of the same incident are given, instead of trying to reconcile them or to account for their discrepancy, he puts them both before the reader to select which he pleases. Although this is not the first of Mr. Jesse's historical works, he does not appear to have qualified himself by previous study to form an opinion on the great questions that came up during the first thirty years of the reign of George III. For instance, the chief dispute all that time, more particularly during the early portion of it, was whether the Ministers were the servants of the King or of the Parliament—in fact, a dispute very similar to that now going on in Prussia. Mr. Jesse says a great deal about the differences between the King and

the Whig families who tried to domineer over him, but never drops a hint that these Whigs had the country at their back, and faithfully represented the feelings and opinions of the people. He describes the quarrel between George and the great families as one of prerogative, and so it was; but the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility is incompatible with prerogative, and the latter must give way. Mr. Jesse does not see this, and writes as if it were the duty of Parliament to yield whenever there was danger of collision with the Crown. Every man is welcome to his theory, but we should hardly expect to find a writer in the year 1866 defending such a rag of the obsolete doctrine of "right divine." We fairly acknowledge that the historian nowhere defends that doctrine in set argument, but the bias of his opinions is clearly shown by the way in which he describes certain transactions; and yet there are passages in these volumes which would lead us to believe him to be a sound reformer of the modern school.

George III. had very high notions of the kingly office. This he showed in the first act of his reign, when in the speech to his first council, he condemned the war which the Ministry had carried on so successfully in the four quarters of the globe. He had written that speech himself, and did not show it to his Ministers until after he had delivered it. Through life he acted up to the opinion that his Ministers must have no will of their own—they must be his mouth-pieces, his puppets. How much of this was owing to the suggestions of Lord Bute, how much to the training of his mother, it is hard to say; but the teaching fell upon a mind wonderfully adapted to assimilate it. George III. never emancipated himself from that tutelage; for after his mother was dead and Bute away, he clung, untaught by experience, to the despotic doctrines they had instilled into his mind. Mr. Jesse represents Bute as a patriot, "actuated by the conscientious conviction that he was working out certain grand principles which were to emancipate the Crown from the domination of a selfish and tyrannical oligarchy . . . and of introducing his own notions of good government and good laws." It may be so, but Mr. Jesse gives us no reason to question the opinion formed by Lord Bute's contemporaries, and confirmed by his own failure. The first serious attempt to drive the Whig ministry from office, was made in March, 1761, when Lord Holderness was removed from the post of Secretary of State, and Bute was installed in his room. "The excuse for this removal, was his incapacity," says Mr. Jesse, "a charge which would seem to have been not undeserved." And yet if he had read Dodington's Diary for November 29th, 1760, he must have seen what was the real cause of Holderness's retirement: "I pressed him (Bute) much to take the Secretary's office, and provide otherwise for Lord Holderness. He hesitated, and then said if that was the only difficulty it could easily be removed, for Lord H. was ready at his desire to quarrel with his fellow-ministers . . . and then he (Bute) might come in without seeming to displace anybody." Holderness was "provided for"—he retired with a pension and the reversion of the Cinque Ports Wardenship.

Bute's policy, says Mr. Jesse in another place, was "to obtain an honourable and lasting peace and establish a pure government on a firm basis." Very desirable objects, no doubt; but they may be bought too dearly. Franklin maintained that a bad peace was better than no peace, and that of 1763 was pre-eminently a bad one. "In the opinion of many of the wisest and best," says the historian, "Bute, by bringing the war to a conclusion, had done the State good service;" but of these "wisest and best," only Carteret is quoted. The truth is, that every fresh victory added so much to the reputation of Pitt, increasing his popularity at the expense of the King and the Ministry, that it became necessary to end the war at any cost. Mr. Jesse simply tells us that the Duke of Bedford was despatched to Paris to arrange the preliminaries—not a word more. The Duke was received in France as their "guardian angel," and all things went smoothly enough. But the real negotiators were the Sardinian ministers in London and Paris, the latter of whom played into the hands of the French Government. For his services the former is said to have been placed on the Irish pension list for £1,000 a year, under the pseudonym of George Charles. Schlosser gives a letter which, if genuine, would show that Bute was a traitor to his country, and hoped to see her armies defeated that peace might be easier. That he tried to throw over Frederick of Prussia, and even to induce Russia to invade his newly-formed kingdom, we have unfortunately the clearest of evidence. So much, then, for an "honourable peace." And let us see if Bute's notions of a "pure government" were any higher. It still remained doubtful whether Parliament would ratify the Treaty of Paris, and if it did not Bute's fall was certain. "We must call in bad men to govern bad men," said the moral king, when he proposed that to Henry Fox should be intrusted the business of carrying the treaty through the Commons. Fox went lavishly to work, expending £25,000 in one morning in the purchase of votes. Those who were beyond the reach of bribes were coerced, and, after devoting five pages to some of the most flagrant instances of coercion, Mr. Jesse coolly absolves Bute of doing any wrong, on the ground that he was "actuated by conscientious convictions." And yet Mr. Jesse thinks himself qualified to write history.

Here is another casual instance of Mr. Jesse's historical incompetence. It is well known to those familiar with the history of the transactions preceding the revolt of the North American colonies, that Hutchinson, the Governor, and Oliver, the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts had written some letters, the statements in which were presumed to have exercised great influence upon the councils of the British Ministry. These letters, by some clandestine

means, got into the hands of Dr. Franklin, by whom they were transmitted to the colony, and there published. This has been called "the turning point of the revolution;" and it is indisputable that the publication of the letters seriously exasperated the feelings of the colonists. When their publication became known in England, there was a great outcry—Wedderburn, in his furious invective before the Privy Council, charged the doctor point-blank with stealing them, and a duel was fought on the subject between one John Temple and William Whateley, the brother of the person to whom the letters had been written, and in which Whateley was wounded. The matter remained in the greatest obscurity until 1820, when Dr. Hosack published a biography of Dr. Williamson, in which the latter confessed that he obtained them by a trick from the clerk who had them under his care, that he handed them to Franklin, and then started for Holland. The note in which we learn these pseudo-facts occupies nearly half a page, at the end of which we are referred for the "refutation of these circumstantial particulars" to Sparks's edition of Franklin's works. Surely this is not the way to write history—to print the false tale and leave the reader to find the truth for himself. It looks as if paste and scissors were more familiar to Mr. Jesse than cross-examining a witness. The facts which the historian does not give, but which he was bound to give are these: Franklin transmitted the letters to Boston on the 2nd December, 1772; their receipt was acknowledged on the 24th March, 1773; and on the 15th of June next, the Committee appointed to consider the letters gave in their report, which the doctor forwarded to the Colonial Secretary on the 21st August, the receipt of which was acknowledged on the 25th. These dates are beyond dispute; but when we turn to Hosack's Biography we find it to contain its own refutation, for Williamson was in the West Indies all this time, whence he did not return until the autumn of 1773, and it was not until the 22nd December that he sailed from Boston for England. Nay, more, he had scarcely been three days at sea when Franklin wrote to the *Public Advertiser*, affirming that "he alone was the person who obtained" the letters.

All these instances are taken from the first volume alone: it is possible that the other two may be less liable to censure, and we sincerely hope they are; but it would be laborious waste of time to go through them critically, even if we had the necessary space in these columns at our disposal.

LAWYERS AND THEIR WAYS.*

MR. CORDY JEAFFRESON's book would have been better than it is had the author avoided certain faults. The work, to begin with, is much too long. It consists of two large octavo volumes, the first extending to 384 pages, the second to 394, exclusive of the index. That is to say, we have nearly eight hundred pages of anecdote about one class of men. No doubt, lawyers are very interesting people—often singularly humorous and odd in their sayings and their ways; and the law is such an important influence in all civil communities that anything showing the individual nature of lawyers is necessarily entertaining and valuable. But, after all, the book is almost entirely anecdotal. It has no very earnest purpose to serve; its scattered parts are not connected by any general principle; and, although its chapters are crowded with amusing stories, it is a task almost impossible of performance to read such a mass of gossip right through, while the labour of selecting from so vast a heap is too onerous a responsibility to throw on the general reader. Even the professional reviewer, who is used to such matters, is not a little embarrassed by the excess of riches. Placing ourselves altogether out of the question, however, we are convinced that Mr. Jeaffreson will daunt the public by being chatty on so formidable a scale. When we are inclined to amuse ourselves with a collection of *Ana*, we do not ask for a *Cyclopaedia*; nor would it be of much use for the author to say, "I have provided you with an excellent Index, by a diligent scrutiny of which you may determine for yourself at what parts of my 778 octavo pages of anecdote you are most likely to be amused." This is the first and most obvious fault we have to find with Mr. Jeaffreson's production. The other is more deep-seated, because it has reference to a purely literary consideration. The author has chosen to commence his work, and to intersperse it at various parts, with some of the most contemptible twaddle we have ever seen in print. It is difficult to understand how a gentleman of any position in the literary world could consent to put his name to such trash as we find in the first and second chapters of this "Book about Lawyers." Mr. Jeaffreson, in the most idle and superfluous manner, begins by a little dramatic scene in the British Museum on a "a public day." He supposes a certain Gideon Cross, clerk to his "good friend, John Archibald, of the Chancery Bar," loitering through the rooms with his newly-wedded wife, formerly Elizabeth Handiside, lady's maid to Mrs. Archibald. He sets these people talking in a way that, for any reference it bears to truth or nature, would probably be scouted by the readers of the penny miscellanies; and he then makes Mrs. Cross soliloquize after an astounding fashion on the associations of the Great Seal! Next, that singular young lady begins to make fairy tales out of the Great Seal; at which her admiring husband exclaims—

"What a wonder you are, Bess! You are better than any book-

* A Book about Lawyers. By John Cordy Jeaffreson, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "A Book about Doctors," &c. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. Memorials of the Early Lives and Doings of Great Lawyers. By C. L. Brightwell. London: Nelson & Sons.

writer! To think of it, that whilst I, Gideon Cross, was troubling my poor noddle about no grander matter than whether the seals were well or ill engraved, you, Gideon Cross's wife, to wit, were making these beautiful stories." And then, after a brief pause, he added, with an increase of fervour, "Lor, Bess, I do hope to God that you'll always be able to make stories in this same way."

"I shall always be able, Gideon, if you'll only be kind to me as you are now," answered the young woman.

"Here was a new thought for Gideon; and he turned it deliberately over in his mind.

"What, then," he asked, when he had examined the thought all round, "you think you'd lose your fancy if I were to treat you badly—do you?"

"Gideon," was the answer, "we house-birds cannot sing when our masters keep the light from us."

"In heart and head, in her love and her wit, the clerk's wife was a lady. And no wonder. For ten years she had been Kate Archibald's maid."

So ends the first chapter, and the reader is left to wonder what all this fictitious rubbish has got to do with a book of real anecdotes of real men. Refreshed by his pause, Mr. Jeaffreson begins Chapter II. with the words,—"She spoke no more than the truth. Well planned and well written, the story of the Great Seal would be a rare story." Then, being evidently bent on a rhapsody, he begins after the received fashion of meditatively repeating the words which form his text, and straightway plunging into cloudy sentiment and obvious antithesis. "The Great Seal! Of how many wildly different associations is that word the centre! It calls up the dead of eight silent centuries," &c. "What great deeds and petty acts has it accomplished! No less delicate than strong, it can touch with airy lightness or smite with overwhelming force, like Nasmyth's hammer, alternately cracking a nut upon a lady's hand, and beating a bar of iron to the thinness of pasteboard." What on earth does that mean, as applied to the Great Seal? But Mr. Jeaffreson shall continue in his own inimitable strain. "By the gentle pressure of a magical clasp, it gives a sheet of paper or a parchment-skin powers which men are slow to concede to the wisest and most virtuous." If this means anything (which may be charitably doubted), it can only mean that the Great Seal has powers independent of the human agents by whom it is employed—that it is a veritable talisman or amulet. This interpretation seems to be encouraged by the next sentence:—"A gentle pressure, a noiseless closing together of its mysterious parts; and it has reduced multitudes to poverty, destroyed cities, brought down the mighty, raised the weak." What follows a little way further on, however, is too exquisite to be given in the form of fragments; it must be quoted in its splendid entirety. The passage is somewhat long, but we are sure the reader would be sorry to miss a word:—

"In the long, unceasing, unintermittent fight for the Great Seal—that fight in which each knight strives for himself, and against every unit of the dense crowd that surrounds him—the contendents are of very unequal powers. The lame, the palsied, and the untrained grapple with sound, stalwart, and skilful combatants; and in nothing has the capriciousness of Fortune been more signally displayed than in the success which she occasionally awards to the incompetent soldiers. Many are the times that she has wrenched the Seal from a firm grasp, and dropped it into a feeble hand; many a time has she led a knave to the Marble Chair, and cast a smile of derision on men too honest to woo her with falsehood; anon she has turned her back on the entire crowd of eager aspirants, and with beautiful malice in her blue eyes, has thrown the prize, for which so many able men had striven for years, with brain and tongue, honestly and dishonestly, into the lap of a simpleton who had never expected to touch it, had never even asked for it.

"Scarcely less startling than the most striking phenomena of science are the diverse effects which have been wrought in Keepers of the Great Seal by the mere custody of that royal property. To some its acquisition has been admission to new life, to others the first triumph of office has been followed by speedy death. Aged, hoary, wrinkled lawyers, trembling beneath the burdens of time and toil, and all the unwholesome conditions of an overworked advocate's existence, have been seen to approach their sovereign with tottering gait, and slowly kneel with stiffened limbs to receive the palm for which they have striven for more than half a century. They have knelt, have clutched the prize, and in an instant the warmth, and gladness, and exultation, and hope of youth's young blood, have made their pulses gallop, and their nerves tingle with delight. That one electric touch has driven rheumatism from their joints; purged their arteries of gouty poison; brought the pink glow of joyful health to their cheeks—cheeks for many a past day lean, miserable, and yellow; brightened with warm, translucent, violet splendour, their dull and rheumy eyes, and given firmness to palsied hands. Rising with a spring they returned to their homes in glorious rejuvenescence. Fifty years of sadness and study thrown aside, they have returned to the mirth, and sports, and frolic of far-distant college days. No longer pale, austere, ascetic workers, they have danced over to the votaries of pleasure, and throwing from them the dry jargon of the courts, have sparkled with *jeu d'esprit*, been garrulous with gamesome badinage, and dazzled the town with the brilliance of their *mots*."

We cannot forbear from suggesting that this passage would form a grand subject for one of the frescoes in the House of Lords. The only objection is that we know not what fine pencil could equal the marvellous powers of Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's pen. How, for instance, could Raphael himself (if we had him here) represent the actual scene of transformation? how realize for us the pulses beginning to gallop, and the nerves to tingle—the pink glow of joyful health returning to the yellow cheeks, and the rheumy eyes

brightening with warm, translucent, violet splendour? The only way to approach Mr. Jeaffreson's idea would be to divide the picture into two parts. In the first, the aged recipient of the coveted treasure might be figured kneeling before Majesty in all the pitiable weakness of palsy, rheumatism, gout, &c. In the second, he might be seen rising with a spring, or, with the pink glow of health on his cheeks, and violet splendour in his eyes, dancing over to the votaries of pleasure. The lawyers are lucky in having such an elixir vitae within their possible grasp. We would advise Mr. Jeaffreson to give more attention henceforth to his legal than to his literary studies. In that case, he may have an opportunity, some fifty years hence—by which time it may not be unfair to presume that the violet splendour will have departed from his eyes—of renewing his youthful charms by "clutching" the Great Seal.

It is not until Chapter III. that we reach the real subject-matter of the book; but even then the facts are largely diluted with twaddle. In Chapter XV. we have a little bit of weak fiction again, and in various places the author is fond of introducing himself and his friends (real or imaginary) in a very superfluous manner. Still, notwithstanding these absurdities, the book is unquestionably full of amusement. It is a mine of curious anecdote, gathered, apparently, from a wide extent of reading, and, if the nonsense were omitted, and the work were contracted to reasonable dimensions, it would be a welcome addition to our library shelves. As it is, the volumes will appear to the best advantage in the form of extracts. They are certainly capable of yielding no end of quotations, detailing the strangest of actual romances, the wildest of adventures, the drollest of humours, the brightest of witty sayings and repartees. Lawyers are generally a "characteristic" race of men, with strongly-marked individuality, and a constitutional energy which finds its vent in actions as well as words. This is abundantly manifest in Mr. Jeaffreson's book, and the fact gives to these anecdotes and reminiscences a peculiar charm. Much of the book, indeed, is so curious that we regret all the more the sorry stuff with which it is associated. Here is a note about Lincoln's-Inn Fields and lawyers' residences generally, which may be taken as a specimen of the better part of the work:—

"Whilst Lincoln's-Inn Fields took rank amongst the most aristocratic quarters of the town, it was as disorderly a square as could be found in all London. Royal suggestions, the labours of a learned committee especially appointed by James I. to decide on a proper system of architecture, and Inigo Jones's magnificent but abortive scheme had but a poor result. In Queen Anne's reign, and for twenty years later, the open space of the fields was daily crowded with beggars, mountebanks, and noisy rabble; and it was the scene of constant uproar, and frequent riots. As soon as a nobleman's coach drew up before one of the surrounding mansions, a mob of half-naked rascals swarmed about the equipage, asking for alms in alternate tones of entreaty and menace. Pugilistic encounters, and fights resembling the faction-fights of an Irish row, were of daily occurrence there; and when the rabble decided on torturing a bull with dogs, the wretched beast was tied to a stake in the centre of the wide area, and there baited in the presence of a ferocious multitude, and to the diversion of fashionable ladies, who watched the scene from their drawing-room windows. The Sacheverell outrage was wildest in this chosen quarter of noblemen and blackguards; and in George II.'s reign, when Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Master of the Rolls, made himself odious to the lowest class by his act for laying an excise upon gin, a mob assailed him in the middle of the fields, threw him to the ground, kicked him over and over, and savagely trampled upon him. It was a marvel that he escaped with his life; but with characteristic good humour, he soon made a joke of his ill-usage, saying that until the mob made him their football he had never been master of *all* the rolls. Soon after this outbreak of popular violence, the inhabitants inclosed the middle of the area with palisades, and turned the inclosure into an ornamental garden. Describing the Fields in 1736, the year in which the obnoxious act concerning gin became law, James Ralph says, 'Several of the original houses still remain, to be a reproach to the rest; and I wish the disadvantageous comparison had been a warning to others to have avoided a like mistake. . . . But this is not the only quarrel I have to Lincoln's-Inn Fields; the area is capable of the highest improvement, might be made a credit to the whole city, and do honour to those who live round it; whereas at present no place can be more contemptible or forbidding; in short, it serves only as a nursery for beggars and thieves, and is a daily reflection on those who suffer it to be in its abandoned condition.'

"During the eighteenth century, a tendency to establish themselves in the western portion of the town was discernible amongst the great law lords. For instance, Lord Cowper, who during his tenure of the seals resided in Powis House, during his latter years occupied a mansion in Great George-street, Westminster—once a most fashionable locality, but now a street almost entirely given up to civil engineers, who have offices there, but usually live elsewhere. In like manner, Lord Harcourt, moving westwards from Lincoln's-Inn Fields, established himself in Cavendish-square. Lord Henley, on retiring from the family mansion in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, settled in Grosvenor-square. Lord Camden lived in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. On being intrusted with the sole custody of the seals, Lord Apsley (better known as Lord Chancellor Bathurst) made his first state progress to Westminster Hall from his house in Dean-street, Soho; but afterwards moving farther west, he built Apsley House (familiar to every Englishman as the late Duke of Wellington's town mansion) upon the site of Squire Western's favourite inn—the 'Hercules' Pillars.'

The "Memorials of the Early Lives and Doings of Great Lawyers" is a book of a somewhat different character from Mr. Jeaffreson's. It is more directly biographical and didactic,

and is in fact a compilation from Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chief Justices" and "of the Lord Chancellors," designed for youthful reading, and as an incentive to exertion in the pursuit of the legal calling.

ON SHERMAN'S TRACK.*

Of all the mistakes made by the Government of the late Confederate States, none was so fatal as that which left General Sherman at liberty to march through the heart of their country, and to destroy the resources upon which the armies in the field depended for their subsistence. It is, indeed, doubtful whether even the cautious and skilful tactics of General Johnston could have permanently prevented such a catastrophe, but it was certainly precipitated by the removal of that officer from the command of the army opposed to Sherman, and by the rash advance of his successor, General Hood, towards the north. The manner in which Sherman conducted his march has gained the admiration of all competent military critics; but he has at the same time been severely censured for the license which he allowed his troops and for the wanton devastation in which he permitted them to indulge. That his track was marked by the most wholesale destruction or spoliation of property of all kinds cannot be denied; but at the same time there are good grounds for contending that this was one of those cases in which an extreme exercise of the rights of war was both justifiable and necessary. We do not, however, intend to enter into the controversy on this point. No new light is thrown upon it by Mr. Kennaway's book, which does, however, contain a very readable and pleasantly-written account of the actual condition of the country as the author found it in the autumn of 1865. After travelling through a portion of the Northern States, Mr. Kennaway and his fellow-tourists found themselves at Chicago, where an unexpected interview with General Sherman led them to abandon their previous plans, and traverse the country through which he had passed. The result of the General's suggestion was not only that they saw a good deal that was well worth seeing and describing, but that we have in the work before us a somewhat slight and sketchy, but still an intelligent, and, upon the whole, a very impartial account of the state of things "down South."

Mr. Kennaway concurs with all other writers on the subject in describing the condition of the South, at the close of the war, as one of utter exhaustion. Whether the Government made the best use of the resources originally at their command, is open to very serious question; but there was certainly no indisposition on the part of the people to supply them with the last man and the last dollar available. The consequences of this thorough-going devotion to a cause which, rightly or wrongly, enlisted their patriotic sympathies, are visible on every side in the complete impoverishment of all classes. The planters have, of course, suffered most, because they have lost their negroes, and have no means of cultivating their estates; but in a greater or less degree all are suffering alike. At the same time the people do not seem to have abandoned themselves to despair. Although the difficulties of the labour question are still unsolved, and the industrial future of the late slave states is involved in doubt and obscurity, there is an evident disposition to make the best of things, and to do everything that is possible to restore the prosperity of the country. The natural elasticity of Americans under the severest misfortunes is well illustrated by the rapid restoration of the city of Atlanta. When Sherman commenced his march, he left it a prey to flames, by which it was totally destroyed. Within a year of that time Mr. Kennaway found the five railways which centre there in full operation, although the station buildings had been completely consumed. A few battered brick walls and an occasional chimney were all that remained of the great mills and foundries which were formerly established here, but wooden framework houses were springing up on all sides, and along the main street, where frontage was fetching about £6 sterling per foot, more substantial buildings were in course of construction. At Augusta we are told that "business seems to be going on as usual; grocery, dry goods, and tobacco stores driving a brisk trade; express companies are in full swing, and bales of cotton, the last remains of the crop of 1860, are lying about on the banks of the river, or passing out of the warehouses." At Savannah the quays were crowded with vessels waiting for cotton freight, or unloading the bales brought down from the interior, and the whole scene was a busy one, full of life and interest. The same remarks will apply to other places visited by the author and his friends, but the case of Charleston seems to be an exception. There were no indications of reviving trade there; and, indeed, little had been done to obliterate the traces of the long siege to which the city was exposed:—

"Dearly has Charleston paid for being the first to attack the national flag, and for leading the van in the path of secession. True, she resisted successfully all the attacks made upon her by sea, and it was not until the last year of the war that Sherman's advance through the Carolinas compelled the evacuation of the town; but for three years the city was a target for the heaviest ordnance that the North could bring to bear upon her."

"A third part of the town was destroyed by fire in 1862, and at least half the Yankee missiles are believed to have fallen in the burnt district. But it was a sad sight. Atlanta certainly presented a more complete scene of ruin, but the total clearance effected there prevented the realization of what the town had been in the days of its prosperity, and Atlanta at its best must have been but a village in

* On Sherman's Track; or, the South after the War. By John H. Kennaway, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

comparison with Charleston. Here there is hardly a house that has not suffered more or less. To some the damage seems, at first sight, to be trifling; a small hole knocked in the wall is apparently the extent of the mischief, till an examination of the interior shows that the injury has been done by the bursting of the shell, which, after making its entrance, has made havoc with the partitions, and knocked, perhaps, two or three rooms into one. In the next house, maybe, it is the outside that has suffered; every pane of glass broken, the doors battered in, or the handsome pillars broken short off. In the very midst of the city rises the tall spire of a church, at once the mark for all the enemy's guns and the lookout of the beleaguered city. The charmed life which it is reputed to bear seems not to have been assigned to it without reason, as it appears still untouched by a single shot. Many of the houses were untenanted at the time of our visit. The Government had not been very expeditious in restoring them to their owners, many of whom would, doubtless, be too poor to live in them; but people seemed to be coming back, and trade was again springing up. Half a dozen vessels, however, were all that were to be seen loading at the quay, as almost all the cotton in that part of the country had been carried out already through the blockade."

The future of the negro naturally occupied a good deal of Mr. Kennaway's attention; but we cannot say that that he furnishes us with the means of forming any confident opinion on the subject. The truth is, as he points out, that the evidence as to the disposition of the blacks to settle down into industrious free labourers is at present so conflicting that it is impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. In some districts the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau report that the negroes are working well and steadily; while from others the most discouraging accounts are received. This discrepancy may be partly accounted for by the prepossessions of the writers; but it seems to be due in a far greater degree to differences between the negroes in various parts of the country. It is too much the habit to speak of the coloured population as if they were alike; but the fact is that while some of them are little better than savages, others are perfectly entitled to rank as civilized beings. Amongst the latter there are numerous cases of successful attempts to carry on the work of plantations by hired workmen; and General Howard, who presides over the Freedmen's Bureau, states that from experience in that capacity, he entertains a confident belief in the success of free labour. In all probability, however, that success will be very imperfect during the life-time of those who have been brought up in a condition of slavery; and we are sorry to find that little or nothing is being done by education to improve the rising generation. The Southern whites obviously still look back with longing eyes to their old "domestic institutions," and their conduct is still regulated by the ideas and prejudices which sprang from it.

While at Richmond, Mr. Kennaway took an opportunity of investigating the charge that the Confederate Government caused, or at least took no steps to prevent, the admittedly severe sufferings of the Federal prisoners in the Libby, Belleisle, and Andersonville gaols. His conclusion is, upon the whole, unfavourable to Mr. Davis and his colleagues; and we must say that it appears to be warranted by the facts. There could have been no necessity for overcrowding the Libby prison in a manner absolutely fatal to health. The exposure of prisoners at Belleisle, upon an island without shelter from either heat or cold, was an act of sheer brutality; and it is clear that if anything like energy had been displayed, the prisoners at Andersonville need not have been left to starve in the very heart of a country where Sherman's army subsequently lived in abundance. The Confederates, indeed, allege that their prisoners were at least as well fed as their own soldiers. But there are the strongest reasons for questioning this statement; and moreover (as Mr. Kennaway well remarks), if the Administration at Richmond were unable to provide food, there could be no valid excuse for their refusing to receive the supplies which the Sanitary and Christian Commissions of the North were only too ready to afford. We quite acquit Mr. Davis of any complicity in the crimes of men like Wirz, but we fear that he is liable to the imputation of culpable carelessness in reference to the fate of those for whose care the fate of war had made him responsible.

Mr. Kennaway's book contains some interesting notices of the labours of the Christian Commission during the late war; and there are also the usual number of sketches of distinguished men whom he had the good fortune to meet. Personal description is however, not his *forte*, and we do not find that from anything he tells us we know more than we did before, either of the personal appearance or the characters of the leading Federal statesmen or soldiers. We are treated to a little more political discussion than is quite appropriate to a book of travels. But we suppose that, under existing circumstances, that is inevitable when the United States are the subject. We cannot, however, enter here into topics of the kind, further than to observe that in our author's opinion there is an improving feeling towards England on the part of the better-informed and more influential classes in the United States:—

"As instances of this desire to resume friendly relations I would give two expressions which fell, entirely without concert, from the lips of two most eminent Americans engaged in the public service, one of them occupying the position of President of the Senate, the other lately engaged in the diplomatic service. 'If you will but come forward,' said the former, 'and show your desire for our friendship, you may rely upon it, we shall meet you more than half way.' 'Treat us but with kindness,' said the other, 'and we shall melt into tears.'"

That these feelings are not shared by the majority of the people

Mr. Kennaway admits; but in the fact of their being entertained by the classes who will ultimately influence public opinion, he sees a prospect of the eventual restoration of the friendship between the two nations. We sincerely trust that his hopes may not be disappointed.

THE ICE TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.

THAT medicine is not one of the exact sciences, even if it can be called a science at all, is constantly to be seen in the conflict of opinion that arises whenever any great phenomenon of general disease makes its appearance. This is particularly to be regretted when we know that there is no class of men who have a better title than the medical faculty to be considered scientific as to their intention, their system of education and study, and their great discoveries in the vast field of organic nature. Yet, though the physician as a physiologist may be able, perhaps with scientific exactness, to understand and explain the complex organism of life, when he comes to apply his knowledge in putting the machinery in order and mending its damaged parts, he finds himself suddenly turned from a man of science into a mere practitioner of an art. All that he has learnt from the anatomy of his healthy subjects is upset by what he sees before him in a subject that cannot be dissected and placed under the microscope—at least, while he lives; and, though this may be accurately done afterwards, and, as we know, becomes in its turn a scientific inquiry, it seems chiefly to enlarge the scope of theories without removing the limits of practical treatment. We have only to cast the eye over the annals of medicine to see how they record one long series of trials and rejections of remedies, till, at the present time, we find the doctors inclined to be sceptical as to all drugs and potions, many practising only with infinitesimal grains, and some of the highest content to assume the attitude of "expectancy," or doing nothing, in the hope that the "vis medicatrix nature," that ancient friend of the profession, will interfere on behalf of the patient. Then we have the hydropathists with their sweating and cold douches, the Turkish-bath hygeists with another and more agreeable form of the old remedy, and now, in the rank of advanced medicine, and with greater scientific pretensions, this method of applying cold and heat, which Dr. Chapman claims to have discovered, and which is founded, as he says, upon "those pathological doctrines concerning diarrhoea and cholera, which, if true, must inaugurate a new and scientific treatment of those diseases."

We are thus invited to attend to the results of this remedy as promising, for the first time in the history of the terrible epidemic, a "scientific treatment;" but Dr. Chapman is careful to protect himself from the charge of arrogance and contempt of his brethren by the parenthetical "if true." It is precisely here that his "doctrines," ill-omened as the term invariably is, come into collision with "received opinions," and must be left to stand or fall, like all others, upon the test of practical facts. These consist, in addition to many collateral facts obtained in the treatment of other diseases by Dr. Chapman's plan of heat and cold, of some ten or twelve cases of cholera in October, 1865, at Southampton, treated with bags of ice to the spine under his own direction, and twenty-eight treated in the same way by surgeons there, of whom thirteen died. Of the ten cases treated in 1865, five died; or, excluding one in which the ice was imperfectly applied, four out of nine. Dr. Chapman refers to two or three cases partially treated by ice under his superintendence in the Paris hospitals; but the results were interfered with by the prohibition of the hospital authorities. At present, the treatment has not been tried in any of the numerous cases of cholera which have occurred; which is rather surprising, as many less successful means of treatment have been adopted, and especially as the profession remains, for all the public know, as much in the dark as ever as regards the remedies for the disease. Dr. Chapman is quite alive to this point, and thus explains the absence of any cases treated by ice to the spine in the London hospitals:—

"1st. I have had no private patients beyond those mentioned who have suffered from cholera. 2nd. I have not been invited by the authorities of any hospital or public institution to make trial of any remedial plan. 3rd. I applied to the chief of the medical department of the Privy Council, Mr. Simon, to afford facilities for trying the treatment effectually in London; he rather encouraged me to hope he might; but though it is reported that a grant of money has been placed at his disposal by Government for the special purpose of instituting researches into the nature and treatment of cholera, I have not heard from him since, and fear that the pathology of cholera here expounded stands too far apart from the doctrine concerning it, now most generally recognised in the medical world, to have any chance of early examination and recognition by official authority. 4th. I communicated with a wealthy person, deeply interested in assuaging human suffering, and was allowed to expect that a small hospital for the reception of cholera patients to be treated by me would be established, but, for reasons unknown to me, the scheme fell through."

This is the language of a man who feels that professional jealousy is arrayed against him, and we know well how the orthodox look askance at a learned brother "with a theory;" still, in fairness to the official authorities of public health, it must be stated that, guided by the proportion of cases cured as compared with those

under other treatment, the balance in favour of the ice plan was not very encouraging. It appears that Dr. Edmund Parkes made an official report upon the cholera at Southampton, and, in reference to the ice treatment by Dr. Chapman, said that "various opinions" had been expressed as to its utility, and that "the trial must be greatly extended before any decided opinion can be given. Several of these cases were mild in type, and, in two cases of recovery which I saw, the symptoms were very slight indeed. The bags appeared to lessen the cramps, but not, I think, to diminish either the vomiting or purging, and to have little effect on the algide symptoms." Mr. Parkes also confirmed the view of the resident medical men at Southampton, that the treatment merited a fair trial, and certainly, while the medical officer of the Privy Council may be excused for being influenced by the evident leaning of such an authority as Dr. Parkes, whose experience in cholera has been most extensive, it would have been more satisfactory on all sides that Dr. Chapman should have had the fullest opportunity of trying his plan, especially when Dr. Parkes himself had so far recommended this.

We have next to consider Dr. Chapman's new doctrines in what he styles "Neuro-physiology" and "Neuro-therapeutics," in reference, more especially, to cholera. He starts upon the ground, which will be freely granted, that "between defect or excess in the local or general supply of blood to the organic tissues the great majority of diseases may be ranged." The existence of so-called blood-poisons he admits, but thinks that, as these have now been eliminated and elude apprehension, they may often be imagined as causes of disease, and it is better to attend to the state of the nervous system and the circulation of the blood in it. Certain experiments in cutting the sympathetic nerve in the neck of a rabbit, made by Professor Claude Bernard and Dr. Brown Léguard, are relied upon to prove that "the sympathetic nerve is the motor nerve of the blood-vessels throughout the body," and that "its action consists in stimulating the muscular coats of the blood vessels, and thus in modifying the volume of blood currents." Thus Dr. Chapman thinks, as the sympathetic ganglia emit nine energetic currents, they cause the blood-vessels to contract strongly, and the organs are deprived of blood, which will be contrary if the supply of blood to the ganglia is lessened. The blood-vessels are relaxed proportionately, and "the blood, flowing in the direction of least resistance, distends these vessels, the consequence being that the nutrition, temperature, and functions—in short, all the vital properties of those structures—are increased." He then concludes, considering all this as true, that, if it were possible to lessen or increase the circulation of blood in those ganglia, it would be possible, secondarily, through their agency, to increase or lessen the circulation in any part of the body. It will now be intelligible why the bag of ice is applied to the spine; it acts, as all extreme cold is known to act, in depressing vital action, but whether, according to Dr. Chapman, there is a vaso-motor nerve whose special function it is to supply the muscular coats of the arteries, is another question. However, such is the view, and hence its application as a treatment through the agency of the nerves, which we can only take leave to say is a rather more mysterious and uncertain channel than those usually followed. According to this view, cholera consists in hyperæmia of the sympathetic ganglia and spinal cord; but Dr. Chapman insists that this does not preclude the supposition of a specific poison, although, if so, it presumes that its influence is mainly concentrated on the nervous system. He will not affirm or deny its existence, but he maintains that no trustworthy evidence has been given by those who assert its existence, and he believes that "those subtle agents" which produce the epidemic operate directly on the nervous system, and not through the agency of the blood. This, as it seems to us, is like taking refuge in the most obscure parts of the human system, where it is admitted very important vital actions go on, when a more obvious cause is to be found in the blood. This is the fluid that is indispensable to life, and that is so entirely disorganized and changed in cholera; it is this which takes its source in the *primæ viæ*, in the food and the air; it is this which is the life of that very nervous system which is affected by the subtle morbific agents of epidemics. Is it more likely that electric or telluric agencies are conducted into the body, and thus act on the nervous centres, than that bad water and bad air enter so readily at every pore? We observe that Dr. Chapman has scarcely a word throughout his volume to say of these agents of disease: he makes no allusion to the remarkable instance of the Broad-street pump, and the many examples of large bodies of soldiers and sailors suddenly affected with cholera through drinking impure water; and nothing also of the undoubted effects of breathing miasma in producing the most deadly fevers.

We can see no reason for searching the nervous system for the true pathology of cholera; such a course seems to us to be confounding effects with the cause. Dr. Parkes, in a passage very candidly quoted by the author before us, says, "The nervous system is often till death free from derangement; there are no lesions of sensation, and, beyond the cramps, no lesions of motion," while it will be remembered that the perfect retention of the senses is one of the most singular features in the disease. It should be added that Dr. Parkes, with most of those who are practically well acquainted with the disease, considers that the disease consists in an arrest of the blood in the capillaries and those of the lungs in particular, and that this is due to a chemical change in the blood. This is what all practical researches point to, and it is a view which recommends itself especially as at the same time centring our attention upon the host of active causes that are visible and smell-

able, the great majority of which at least are within our control, and may be provided against by the science of hygiene without racking our brains over mysterious agencies. We are at present unable to cure the disease, but we may be satisfied that much has been done, in the shape of a remedy, by enforcing sanitary measures; if it had not been so, the recent outbreak would have been far more severe. Thus, while the rational use of medicines appears to have set in, and Dr. Chapman's ice-bags, though not a panacea, are likely to prove valuable on occasion, the study of sanitary conditions is rising to prime importance, and, for our own part, we shall not regret to see the professor of hygiene pushing the teacher of therapeutics and the *materia medica* of the faculty from his chair.

NEW NOVELS.*

ALL who admire the sentimental and the fashionable styles of romance will be delighted with "Only George." It is romantic in the extreme, and at the same time it bears about it the unmistakable stamp of good society. Its author is evidently a lady of an enthusiastic disposition, not a little given to hero-worship, and a firm believer in love. An aristocratic air hangs about the pages of "Only George" from first to last, and if a mere physician is allowed to figure with advantage in the exclusive circle to which it introduces us, at all events, we find him in the concluding chapter the happy possessor of a baronetcy and an earl's widow. We need hardly say that few social solecisms are committed by so experienced a writer. The noble gentlemen and ladies with whom we are allowed to make a brief acquaintance are evidently what they profess to be, and no mere underbred supernumeraries disguised in the costume of a rank to which they were not born. The conversation in which they indulge is natural and unaffected, and the titles with which they are decorated sit lightly upon them. After reading so many novels in which the manners and customs of the upper ten thousand are burlesqued, it is a pleasure to meet with a story of fashionable life told by a writer who is clearly accustomed to move in the society she describes. Nor is it only on her experience that she has to draw. She evidently possesses a certain amount of originality, a fair share of humour, and some skill in delineating character. The playful sketches in the book show a light and easy touch, and there is considerable feeling to be detected in some of the graver studies. But the more ambitious pictures, the finished portraits of the heroes and heroines, betray a want of power which is likely to be fatal to any hopes the author may have entertained of gaining a place in the first ranks of the profession. She may improve upon her earliest attempts, and may produce graceful and artistic work of an ephemeral nature, but its success will not in all probability be long-lived.

The hero of the story is a stiff and exceedingly disagreeable paragon of perfection, who combines in himself almost all the merits which Nature usually distributes among a whole family. He is "tall, dark, and handsome, with a countenance full of nobility and intelligence;" he has abilities "of first-class order," an excellent constitution and great power of endurance, "a touch of genius which gave inspiration to his judgment," a strong sense of decorum, and a firm attachment to propriety. In addition to all this he possesses "the fine tact and penetration of a woman," while an indomitable strength lies "underneath the outward gentleness and sunshine of his presence." Of course, such a man has an elderly mother, to whom he is devotedly attached, and who keeps house for him in Doughty-street. Instead, however, of choosing for his partner in life some meek maiden in that decorous district, he is weak enough to lose his heart to a lovely denizen of a very different quarter. This is the single feebleness of his life, but it has a lasting effect upon his whole existence, although at times he struggles hard against its magic influence. As to the heroine, Amicia Neville, she seems quite unworthy of such an attachment as this model of medical perfection lavishes upon her. She is beautiful, of course, and as she belongs "to the parasite order of women," she is prepared to lean in a graceful manner upon any man on whom she bestows her hand and heart. But she has very little character, and is indeed somewhat insipid and wearisome. Of admirers she has no lack, and the most enthusiastic among them is the faultless Doctor Evelyn; but he is far too good and correct to give utterance to his feelings, and Mrs. Neville, although a cautious mother, and one who is bent upon a wealthy match for her daughter, considers him as nothing more than an old friend, and speaks of him as "Only George." But all the time, while he wears an icy smile, and goes about as if he were quite at his ease, he is inwardly fuming like the well-known snow-covered volcano, and as uncomfortable as the familiar Spartan boy whom the notorious fox gnawed into immortality. The consequence is that, as he will not tell his love, and Amicia cannot read it in the flushing of his damask cheek, she consents, very much against her will, to marry an elderly earl of a remarkably frigid temperament, who always carries his nose high in the air, and has nothing to recommend him beyond his income and his coronet. But one day, just before the marriage comes off, George and Amicia are left alone for a few minutes, and suddenly the snow glides off from the volcano, the Spartan gives vent to his feelings, and the heroine discovers how much the hero loves her. A few hurried words pass between

them, and for a moment he catches her in his arms. Then "a scared, pale face" gleams for a moment through the crimson curtain which hangs over the doorway, and the Earl of Chilworth, Amicia's future husband, gazes unseen upon the parting embrace. For they part, in spite of their now acknowledged love, and the doctor retires from the scene. Amicia makes one feeble attempt to escape from her fate and consults a High Church clergyman on the subject, but he decides against her proposal to break off the match, and she becomes the unwilling Countess of Chilworth. The doctor goes on with his work, behaving more like a medical angel than anything else, but failing to find a cure for the wound which Amicia has inflicted upon his young affections. Ladies of great beauty and comfortable incomes fall in love with him on every side, but he walks among them as little influenced by their attractions as if his breast had been guarded by triple brass. That beautiful widow, Lady Conway, actually persecutes him, flinging herself, metaphorically speaking, at his head, and refusing to be comforted when he objects to reciprocate her admiration. The charming Miss Conway makes him a proposal by letter which perplexes him a little, but he contrives to evade it without hurting her feelings. Most flattering of all is the affection manifested towards him by the beautiful and romantic Sybil Davenport, the only daughter of an amiable peer. Long time an inconsolable sufferer from the effects of a disappointment in early love, she maintains for many a year a frigid indifference towards her numerous admirers, but at last the doctor's excellence proves too much for her, and her icy heart first begins to thaw, and then fairly melts within her under his genial influence. Her fond parents mark the change with joy, and contrive to make the doctor aware of the fair young patrician's feeling towards him. But all in vain, his heart is still Amicia's although she belongs to another, and he finds it impossible, though he makes several attempts, to shake off the chain which binds him to her care. At last, however, his constancy is of course rewarded. The earl is good enough to die, and Amicia becomes the most charming widow of her time. But, for a while, she and her medical admirer keep aloof from each other. She cannot very well go and offer to marry him, and he considers that she is "calm, and cold, and inaccessible." So they go on loving each other immensely, but living apart and never communicating their feelings to each other, until the death of one of her most romantic admirers brings them together. Basil Maitland, who is one of the most improbable painters we have ever met, having nursed all his life long a fatal but unrequited love for Amicia, dies also opportunely, but not before he has made the lovers' wayward hearts understand each other, so that when Amicia's tears run down her cheeks as she thinks of Basil's death, the doctor takes her handkerchief "and wipes her eyes, as if she were a child." After this he becomes a baronet, and naturally marries his first love, so that the story ends satisfactorily. The moral seems to be that if a married lady loves a gentleman who is not her husband, she ought not to despair, but should bear in mind that she may one day be a happy widow. We cannot say that we admire the heroine very much, and as to the doctor, he must have been one of those faultless monsters whom the world is supposed never to have known. Several of the minor characters in the book are far more interesting than the principal performers. Mr. Neville, for instance, forms the subject of an admirable sketch, his amiable selfishness and polished egotism being excellently represented. Mrs. Neville is also capitally described, and so are several of her associates. The book is worth reading for the purpose of making their acquaintance, but anything like familiarity with its earnest and romantic characters is a misfortune to be studiously avoided.

The story of "Sir Julian's Wife" is another contribution to literature of the sentimental order, but it is told with so much good feeling that we are easily induced to overlook the romantic improbabilities which constitute its plot. It may almost be called a religious novel, so many of its pages are devoted to moral exhortations, and so much of the attention of its principal characters is devoted to sacred subjects; but there is nothing crabbed or ascetic about its tone. Nor is there anything repulsively severe in its teaching. The personages who figure in it are for the most part a little too good for ordinary society, or indeed for this world at all; but there will no doubt be many young and fair readers who will find their acquaintance a source of real pleasure and edification. Sir Julian is a rich young baronet of six-and-twenty, who is bound by an eccentric uncle's will not to marry till he is thirty, and never to indulge in any form of gambling. But in other luxuries he is able to revel, and when he first appears on the stage he is seated in "a spring-cushioned, velvet-covered *fauteuil*," surrounded by "the *débris* of a very respectable dessert—the remains of a fine bunch of hothouse grapes, one or two late plums and nectarines, some candied something, and abundance of walnut-shells and filbert-husks." When it is added that "several decanters and some bottles of choice wines kept guard over these inviting remnants," we can readily believe that the sight was one to vex the spirit of Sir Julian's departed relative. Still more horrified must that respectable ghost have been, if earthly sights came within its ken, when its valued nephew, after yawning "so uproariously that the inmates of the room above, and the one adjoining, must have concluded that some strange animal, having escaped from the wild-beast shows which had just left the town, had entered the hotel," sallied forth for a moonlight stroll which ended in his going into a Dissenting chapel to rest himself, and then and there falling desperately in love with a pretty factory-girl whom he saw in a neighbouring pew. Finally, the climax of its despair must have been reached when the baronet, upon his return from chapel, after

feeding copiously on "brown bread and white, and eggs, and cold chicken, and veal-and-ham pie, and devilled kidneys," took to eating muffins and marmalade, and made up his mind to marry the lovely enchantress whose face he had seen that night for the first time. Such proceedings on the part of wealthy young baronets are improbable, but they are all written down in the book now before us. Sir Julian calls in an aunt, Lady Camersfield, to his aid, and she goes in search of the lady of his love, who turns out to be a Miss Ethel Erle, and a model of plebeian perfection. Lady Camersfield takes charge of her, and soon makes her well worthy to bear Sir Julian's name. But Ethel goes on living fancy free, and quite unconscious of the baronet's admiration, until at last he tells her of his love. After considerable hesitation, and with manifest reluctance, she consents to become engaged to him, and he is thoroughly happy. Now a brilliant future seems to open before her, for her admirer is handsome and wealthy, and good and loving. And she will be the possessor of every thing for which she has the slightest fancy; but her heart is heavy within her, because she cannot get herself to love him. At first she cares for no one more than for him; but at last the regular clerical hero appears—the perfectly good curate, calculated to be regarded with rapture by the young ladies of his flock—and one day when he and she are alone in a wood together, and a convenient thunderbolt makes her faint away in his arms, their hearts speak to each other and she knows that she loves at last. She feels that she must not marry the Reverend Mr. Dixon; but she determines never to become Sir Julian's wife. Of course, he is nearly distracted at first; but he soon recovers and marries the second heroine of the story, a proceeding which brings peace to all parties, and enables Ethel to become Mrs. Dixon. There is very little strength in the book; but there is a good deal of sweetness, and as we have already said, its tone is excellent throughout, so that it is well qualified to serve as a present or prize-book for young ladies.

MODERN CARICATURE.*

THE great and remarkable change which has come over the spirit of English art during the past half-century, has found development in many quarters, but in none has it been more strongly indicated than in the field of caricature. Indeed caricature, in the original and Italian sense of the word, viz., an *exaggeration* of physical peculiarities, may be called almost extinct in this country. Compare the clever but coarse and monstrous conceptions of Gilray with those political cartoons in *Punch* which we owe to the graceful pencil of Tenniel; compare the pantomimic absurdities of George Cruikshank with the delicate and truthful sketches in which Leech showed us the humorous side of every-day life—and it is impossible to help seeing that a complete revolution has taken place in this humble but by no means unimportant department of pictorial illustration. As a rule, it is no longer sought to derive fun from a gross perversion of the human figure. The monstrous heads, the hideous leers, the distorted action, and extravagant types of dress on which, down to the time of Seymour, our caricaturists relied when they wished to provoke a smile, have disappeared almost entirely from modern woodcuts. In place of these we find the fashions, the follies, and *bon mots* of the day embodied in a form which is not only amusing but perfectly natural. Indeed half the point of the jokes which are transferred to the block by men like Du Maurier and Keene, consists in the fact that the incidents by which they are elicited might come within range of our daily observation. The Continental experience of Mr. and Mrs. Titwillow, and the Highland adventures of Miss Lavinia Brounjones, are portrayed with an air of probability which makes them doubly comic. The burlesque element is generally confined to title-pages and initial letters of *Punch*, where the inventive genius of Mr. C. H. Bennett finds ample scope for fancy.

In France no such change is apparent. The sketches of Cham and Gavarni possess much the same character as those of their predecessors—the swift careless pencilings of a ready wit, often well-marked and happy in its aim, but frequently silly and sometimes indelicate in choice of subject. Moreover, French caricature, if modified in other respects, still retains a strong spice of the grotesque, and is likely to retain it while M. Gustave Doré lives to realize the inexhaustible conception of his imagination. It is well known of this extraordinary, and now deservedly popular artist, that his illustrations are legion in number. Ancient poetry and modern novels, sacred and profane literature, French books and English books, high and low art; all of these, in turn, he takes in hand and strives to realize with his prolific pencil.

Of course it is impossible to expect that such infinite varieties of work will all be equally well treated. M. Doré's talent is far better adapted for depicting the mock-heroic adventures of Don Quixote or the gloomy horrors of Dante's Inferno, than for bringing before us those incidents of the Old and New Testament, which, regarded as art-themes, depend for their interest on expression of sentiment rather than on dramatic effect. Hence the great inequality in merit of M. Doré's Bible illustrations, even after we have made due allowance for the varying ability of his engravers. Many of his earlier sketches were contributed to the comic periodicals—the *charivaris* and *journaux pour rire* of his own

* Two Hundred Sketches: Humorous and Grotesque. By Gustave Doré. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

Griset's Grotesques, or Jokes drawn on Wood, with Rhymes by Tom Hood. London: George Routledge & Sons.

country. It is some of these, we suspect, which have been lately reissued in the form of a thin folio volume by Mr. F. Warne & Co. Coarse and slovenly as most of these woodcuts undoubtedly are, it is impossible to deny the cleverness with which they are here and there designed, and if the wit thus embodied is not of a very intoxicating quality, we must remember that few jokes will bear translation, and least of all French jokes.

Passing over those specimens of caricature, which merely represent groups of hydrocephalic monsters, we come upon some attempts to satirize the dulness and inconvenience of rural life. We have the adventures of M. Berniquet, who sets out on a visit to his country friend, and is greeted on his arrival by the house mastiff—is taken into a cabbage-field and expected to pass his opinion on the growth of vegetables (which, by the way, seem to form the *pièces de résistance* of his host's dinner-table), he has to walk over heavy ploughed fields—engage in agricultural pursuits and carry home the implements—content himself with *loto* as an evening amusement, and having waged war with prodigious spiders and moths before retiring to bed, is attacked by more disagreeable insects when he is in it. Then he is awakened by the early village cock at a premature hour—comes downstairs to encounter the inevitable dog, which is always sniffing at his calves—makes up his mind to go—is detained by the weather, and at last driven to desperation for an excuse to make his exit—gets his own wife to write a letter from Paris and inform him that she is dead, which letter he shows to his host who forthwith bids him adieu. Now, all these incidents are perfectly intelligible to any Englishman who has never even crossed the Channel. They depend for comicality on no *double-entendre* or idiomatic dialogue. All that is funny about them must be expressed by the artist if expressed at all, and we confess that we have not been able to detect the faintest trace of humour in their delineation. How different from the genuine and jovial sense of the ludicrous which pervades the sporting incidents and "situations" in which our old friend Mr. Briggs figured on the pages of *Punch*! Presently, provincial dress is held up for ridicule, and we have the sketch of a gentleman trying on a wretchedly misfitting coat, while the tailor says—"We get the fashions here as soon as they have them in Paris: in fact, we hope soon to get them *before* Paris." This may be very funny in its way, but it is not exactly the quality of fun in which Leech or Doyle would have indulged.

The caricatures of the English in Paris are grossly improbable, not only in costume and deportment but to the last degree in physiognomy. Now, when Leech caricatured a Frenchman he made him ugly, it is true, but he made him an ugly Frenchman. Some of the heads of "Our Visitors" in M. Doré's sketches look as if they had not only been drawn on the wood but *from* it. They do not possess in the smallest degree the characteristic peculiarities of an English face. A few of the sketches, either from design or accident, have reproduced notions which served the *Punch* caricaturist for subjects years ago. For instance, five portly dames are seen trudging along with one Indian shawl stretched over all their backs. In the days of "fast" life, some fifteen years since, readers of the London *Charivari* may remember the "trouser pattern" which was "so large that it took two men to show it!" Now and then there are some really good things, in M. Doré's book—touches of school-boy life and military manners which redeem the volume from a charge of utter heaviness. The smaller figures are drawn with great spirit, and now and then the "situations" are racy and amusing. But artistically, and with a few exceptions, the work is far below M. Doré's average level, while the jokes are feeble to the last degree.

Mr. Ernest Griset has been called the English Doré, but however long he may have been in this country, it is probable both from his name and his manner of drawing that he also is a Frenchman. His *spécialité* lies evidently in a grotesque treatment of animal form. Like those of M. Doré his designs are very unequal in merit—some of them being sketched with great power and even finish after their kind, while others resemble the work of an amateur. Perhaps the best are those drawn with a Dureresque outline and so left. He seems to be quite at a loss to know how to manage his shadows, whereas Doré's great force is certainly chiaroscuro. Nevertheless it is not difficult to predict that of these two Christmas books M. Griset's will be the more popular, and that for more reasons than one. In the first place, though the drawing, as we have said, is not English in style, the scenes and characters chosen for illustration do not depend for their interest on any sort of nationality. They belong to fairy-land—to that pleasant territory which is not bound by any nice topographical limits, and which stands in the same relation to the school atlas as "Once upon a time" does to popular chronology. In a word, Mr. Griset's volume is just the book for children. Its aim, as the editor himself admits, is—nonsense. But we should be doing Mr. Tom Hood injustice if we did not add that the shrewd and amusing verses which he has written by way of accompaniment to the illustrations are well worth perusal, even by children of a larger growth.

THE STATES OF THE RIVER PLATE.*

No part of the habitable globe is more richly endowed by nature with all the elements of agricultural and commercial prosperity than the southern half of the American Continent. The manifold evils

of misgovernment, or rather of anarchy, have hitherto checked the flow of European, and especially English capital and enterprise, into these fertile regions on any extensive scale. This has altogether been the case with respect to the Brazils and the communities on the Pacific coast; but of late years a considerable infusion of European settlers into the Argentine State and the Banda Oriental or Republic of the Uruguay has gradually taken place. The attention of English capitalist farmers has repeatedly been directed to the splendid fields open to them in the last-mentioned States, but so meagre were the sources of information previously accessible, that many have been prevented from encountering the risk of emigration through mere uncertainty. Mr. Latham's book will be a great boon to such persons, as the work not only of a man of business who has practically tested the arguments for and against a settlement in South America, but of one who has studied the various industries of which he treats, both in their scientific theory and their actual working.

The States of the Rio de la Plata, to which Mr. Latham's book is intended as a practical guide, consist of two independent Republics. That of the Uruguay, or Banda Oriental, with its growing and prosperous capital, Montevideo, lying to the north-east of the estuary of La Plata, and that known as the Argentine Confederation, extending from Patagonia to Bolivia, and from the Atlantic to the Cordillera of the Andes. The nominal seat of Government of this vast territory is Buenos Ayres, one of the most thriving seaports in the world. The Banda Oriental, we learn from Mr. Latham, is a well-watered and very fertile district, possessing great advantages for trade in its seaport and navigable rivers. It is, however, much smaller, and on the whole less rich than the Argentine territory. We may therefore dismiss it from our considerations, only observing that all Mr. Latham's remarks concerning the industries of the Argentine apply, with some slight modifications, to the Uruguayan State also.

As for the commercial advantages of Buenos Ayres, there cannot be any dispute that it must, in time to come, create the most extensive export trade in America, with the exception, perhaps, of that of New Orleans. The river Parana, navigable for more than a thousand miles of its course, opens up a boundless producing-ground for raw material of every kind—animals, cereals, valuable timber and plants, even precious metals and minerals. Lately two trunk lines of rail have been constructed, many more are in contemplation, and a good road system, rendered very easy by the nature of the soil, may be said to exist even now. All these modes of communication converge towards the capital, the population of which is supposed to be at present 200,000, one half foreigners, adventurous spirits of all nations, who have created already a vast commercial industry there. The rural districts present an interesting and instructive example of that gradation of industries which social philosophy has concluded, from abstract principles, to have marked the progress of early civilization. Out on the broad "Campo" cattle-breeding is the universal occupation; in a narrower circle, nearer the coast and the towns, sheep-farming takes its place; while in the most densely peopled districts in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres and other large towns tillage becomes the rule. It is on his minute examination of these three industries that the value and interest of Mr. Latham's book depends. To the practical farmer intending to settle in these countries, Mr. Latham's work will be an invaluable help. Even persons who have no concern with pastoral or agricultural pursuits will be interested in seeing how such may be followed as really scientific and philosophical occupations.

Mr. Latham's disquisitions on the cattle-breeding of the States of the River Plate are diversified by a few able descriptions of the scenery and the life of the boundless "Campo." The wild cattle of these districts furnish the "charqui," or "jerked" beef, which some time since was much talked of—but not much tasted—in this country. To the question whether the meat supply so provided can ever be utilized on an extensive scale for the European market, Mr. Latham devotes one whole section of his book. His judgment is unfavourable. The mode of breeding cattle is, as a general rule, he tells us, by no means calculated to produce a good and wholesome quality of beef; the feeding of the animals is moreover irregular, and the manner in which the herds of poor-conditioned cattle are driven to the great slaughtering-places on the river-coast is calculated to make the meat easy of decomposition, deficient in nutritive, and so, positively noxious. As at present bred, Plate beef can, by no process, either by Liebig's, nor Morgan's, nor Sloper's treatment, be prepared in any large quantities of a high quality to meet the demands of our markets. There can be no doubt, however, that some day, under a skilful system of breeding and fattening any amount of excellent meat may be supplied by the limitless feeding-ground of the Argentine State.

Mr. Latham's chapters on sheep-breeding and tillage, which are making their way in the Plate States with the influx of foreign capital and enterprise, are too strictly technical to tempt the general reader. He gives some valuable particulars with respect to the field open in the Argentine State for capital and labour. It would appear, that for men of enterprise, in good health, and with a considerable capital—£8,000 to £10,000—the sheep-breeding is one of the most remunerative industries to be met with. For men of smaller means the prospect is much less bright, though skilled labourers may be certain of high wages and a prospect of independence. We must add that Mr. Latham gives his testimony in favour of the integrity of the governing classes both in the Argentine Republic and in the Banda Oriental, a point of no small moment to the capitalist settler.

* The States of the River Plate, their Industries and Commerce. By Wilfrid Latham. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

SHORT NOTICES.

Internationale Revue. (Wien: Arnold Hilberg's Verlag. London: Williams & Norgate.)—We have received the first two monthly numbers of the *International Review*, which is, in its way, a unique undertaking. The principal object of the editors seems to be to present to their readers a running critical record of the literary, scientific, and artistic doings, and the social and political progress, of all civilized nations. The task is a noble and grand one, and will require an unusual amount of editorial skill and labour. There is an almost formidable array of contributors' names attached to this German Monthly, and nearly every civilized land has there one or more distinguished representatives. We find among them a considerable number of first-rate literary men, and, as a matter of course, also a few names of literary parasites who are the plague of editors and publishers in all countries, and the bore of all readers. We have no wish to mention now any of the obnoxious names, and should not have made this remark at all did we not entertain a very high opinion both of the object of the *Internationale Revue* and of the excellent manner in which the two numbers which lie before us have been executed. Almost every one of the longer papers is an elaborate essay; and if we abstain from pointing out, in particular, any of the contributions which pleased us most, it is simply because we should have to enumerate nearly the whole of the contents. The circumstance that this cosmopolitan Review, which promises to become at the same time one of the most important German monthly periodicals, is published in a country which has officially been severed from Germany, attaches to the *Internationale Revue* a peculiar interest; and as a further recommendation we may add that all the articles are written in an easy, lucid style, and will therefore not offer any difficulties to well-educated Englishmen conversant with the German vernacular.

Rainbows in Springtide: Tales. By "Sadie." (Routledge & Sons.)—A very charming little book of short stories for children is this collection of tales by "Sadie." It is evidently the production of a lady, and is full of a woman's instinctive knowledge of what is most likely to please young readers. The stories are amusing and lively, showing considerable powers of representing child nature; cheerful (though with touches of quiet pathos), and distinguished by a sterling moral tone, without anything pharisaical, unhealthy, or pretentious. The authoress has a pleasing poetical vein, moreover, and has interspersed her tales with a few very pretty verses. Witness these stanzas about the town sparrows in winter:—

"Then we glide among the housetops,
And we track the murky waste,
And we go about our business
With a cheerful, earnest haste:
Not as though our food were plenty,
Or no dangers we might meet;
But as though the work of living
Was a healthy work and sweet."

The Ships of Tarshish. (Hall & Co.)—This is a curious medley of love-making, iron ship-building, politics, and the "Wandering Jew." It is not devoid of a certain kind of ability; but we must confess that, although we have read it through, we find it impossible to gather the meaning or purpose of the author. And yet the book is far from stupid. If the writer would only condescend to be a little more intelligible and explanatory, drop the "Wandering Jew," not build literary Flying Dutchmen to puzzle critics, and generally adopt a plain-sailing mode of narrative, he might, in another attempt, achieve some degree of success and recognition.

The Law relative to Benefit Building Societies. Second Edition, with Additions, &c. By Charles Egan, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. (Tegg.)—Since the publication of the first edition of Mr. Egan's handbook, several new Acts of Parliament with reference to Benefit Building Societies have been passed, and an augmentation of the original volume has therefore become necessary. The work now contains all the statutes appertaining to the law of Benefit Building Societies, with the most important judicial decisions, and comments defining the jurisdiction of the Equity, the Common Law, the Magistrates', and the County Courts, in connection with those bodies. A table of the cases cited throughout the work, and an index, are added, and give additional facilities to those who would consult the book for advice or direction.

The Writer's Enchiridion; or, the Orthographer's Friend. By J. S. Scarlett. (Lockwood & Co.)—It is unquestionably rather puzzling sometimes to know "when to double our consonants;" and we are therefore disposed to believe that many persons will be glad to possess this guide to all the perplexing verbs—which the author tells us are between five and six hundred—in the English language. They are here alphabetically arranged, with their meanings, and the reader is shown where they are to have their consonants doubled; as—"Abet, to encourage, Abetted, Abetting, Abettor," &c. The little work is now in its second edition, and is certainly calculated to be useful.

Old Merry's Annual. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)—In a very brilliant cover of purple and gold, "Old Merry's Annual" appeals to the boy and girl public with a very cheerful face. Its contents we find to consist of a multitude of stories and miscellaneous articles, some good enough, others rather sentimental and foolish. The coloured illustrations and woodcuts are certainly not of the best.

Eugène Rimmel's Almanac takes a critic by the nose, and defies him to be angry. It is by far the most fragrant puff we know of. The pictures of the little boys are very pretty, especially the "ring" encounter. We trust Mr. Rimmel's Almanac will find its way to every dressing-table. To get a delicious perfume and the day of the month all the year round for sixpence is, even in this enterprising age, a result of advertising art worthy of notice. We also take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Mr. Rimmel for his operations on some of our London play-bills; we only regret that he cannot exercise his ingenuity in removing the inherent bad odour of some of the plays themselves.

We have also received *An Easy Introduction to the Higher Treatises*

on the Conic Sections, by the Rev. John Hunter, M.A. (Longmans & Co.);—a fourth edition, reissued, of Dr. Edwin Lee's work on *Homœopathy and Hydropathy* (Churchill & Sons), with Supplementary Remarks on Homœopathy;—*Discussions at the Institute of Actuaries, Session 1865-6* (reprinted from the *Insurance Record*);—*National Self-knowledge*, a Lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Manchester, October 2nd, 1866, introductory to the Session of Owens College, 1866-7, by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.);—Part I. No. 1 of the *Sessional Papers*, 1866-7 of the Royal Institute of British Architects (James Parker & Co.);—and Parts XL. and XLI. of *Photographic Portraits of Men of Eminence* (A. W. Bennett).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

We have received a long letter from Mr. Robert Young, the "agricultural poet," upon whose pension we commented in a recent number. He sends a copy of his work, and challenges criticism. One of our charges against him was that his rhymes were not rhymes except when read after the provincial Irish fashion of pronouncing English, and in the very first couplet of the first poem in his book we find "name" offered as a rhyme for "theme." Mr. Young, in his preface, informs us that he "never had an opportunity of acquiring scholastic knowledge." This is no excuse for writing nonsense. Here is something in the style of Tim Malony, of Ballymalony, whose effusions were edited by Thackeray:—

"The landlords here, our hearts to cheer,
Around our board are seated, O,
And freely pass the social glass
To friendship consecrated, O."

Surely Mr. Young is not serious in asking us to review balderdash of this kind, especially since Lord Derby has decided on giving him £40 a year for writing it.

The writer of "Table Talk" in the *Guardian* says:—"An enterprising wine and spirit merchant has placed in his window in Devereux-court, Temple, the following lines surmounted by an elaborate heraldic device of the demi-lamb demi-horse of the ancient Templar body:—

'As by the Templars' hold you go,
The Horse and Lamb displayed,
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.
That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession,
The Lamb sets forth their innocence,
The Horse their expedition.'

The epigram is not bad for a tradesman's device; but we hope mine host's wine is better than the concluding rhyme." The writer does not seem to be aware that the verses are old, and not at all the invention of the "enterprising wine and spirit merchant" in Devereux-court. There is a third stanza, which runs:—

"Oh, happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where they get justice without guile,
And law without delay."

And there is a reply, in which the lawyers' clients are converted into the lamb, because they are devoured by wolves, and into the horse, because they are ridden by jockeys.

They do odd things in America. Privacy is hardly respected at all and newspaper editors even "show up" one another. The New York literary journal, the *Round Table*, has been describing the private apartments of the conductors of the daily press after this fashion:—"The rooms of the *Evening Post* are moderately inaccessible, pretty well supplied with books, but dirty, dingy, and unattractive enough to keep within the rule; those of the *Commercial* are so high up that one fears his ascent may suddenly end upon the roof, and when reached they have a temporary look, with bare boards and dingy seven-by-nine window-panes, as if the occupants were merely waiting there for the completion of new offices, although the paper has been published there for many years; the *Tribune* rooms are decently bad, low between-joints, contain the exchanges and gas fixtures above described, pay dollars to utility, but not a cent to beauty, and have a general old-fashioned look; the *Times* occupies a comparatively new building, but its rooms are neither spacious or elegant; the *Olympus of the World* is labyrinthian in remoteness, and simply bare when it is reached; the *Herald* does keep its editors on the second floor, but even here the new building will furnish opportunity for improvement. The facts just cited (he observes) may perhaps afford a key to the ill-mannered acerbity which some journals often indulge in, to their own disgrace and the public sorrow. When Mr. Horace Greeley says of his *bête noire*, 'T. W.', that 'the old villain lies,' may we not charitably suppose that, even abstracted as he is known to be while working, a casual glance around the room suddenly smites his mind with such a sense of poverty, bareness, and general lack of satisfaction in all the uses of the world, as makes him for the moment refuse to let charity begin at home? The hardness of an office-stool may seriously affect a man's views of life. So, when the editors of metropolitan dailies bay at each other in turn like dogs in moonlight, it may be only the discomfort of their kennels." Some of the offices of the London daily press are not the most comfortable; yet our journalists do not write of "old villains lying." That style is very properly left to gentlemen like Lieutenant Brand, of Jamaica court-martial notoriety.

We are promised the Christmas Supplement to *All the Year Round*—"Mugby Junction"—on the 10th of December. Mr. Dickens's own contributions to this series of tales are very considerable. The contents, it appears, will be as follows:—"Barbox Brothers, by Charles Dickens; Barbox Brothers & Co., by Charles Dickens; Main Line: The Boy at Mugby, by Charles Dickens; No. 1 Branch Line: The

Signalman, by Charles Dickens; No. 2 Branch Line: The Engine-driver, by Andrew Halliday; No. 3 Branch Line: The Compensation House, by Charles Collins; No. 4 Branch Line: The Travelling Post-office, by Hesba Stretton; No. 5 Branch Line: The Engineer, by Amelia B. Edwards." It has not hitherto been the custom to publish the names of the writers in these Supplements, any more than in the regular numbers of *All the Year Round*; but we suppose Mr. Dickens has been annoyed at the somewhat wild guessing which is generally indulged in with reference to the authorship of these Christmas tales and sketches. The present plan is certainly a great improvement.

When Mr. Hepworth Dixon was in America, a puffing tailor of Philadelphia made his presence at a grand banquet in that city the occasion of the following audaciously clever advertisement:—"Remarkable Speech of W. Hepworth Dixon, Esq., of London, at the Testimonial Dinner given him at the Continental Hotel.—Mr. Dixon, on rising, said the following remarkable words:—'In the judgment of many of us, the historian Macaulay had spoken of William Penn, the founder of your commonwealth, in terms which seemed to call for a justification of that disciple of peace. I took up my pen in his defence; and since I have visited your beautiful country, travelling as far as the wild prairies, I have come to rest my poor feet in these very streets trod by that man who gave name to your beautiful city; and I will here say what I have never said before to any living soul—(hear)—that, much as I respect William Penn and his followers, their creed, their speech, and their dress, I should have found language too inadequate to express my admiration of his principles at that time, if I had supposed I should have found in this city of his founding, and at this very spot—(hear, hear)—such beautiful ready-made first-class clothing as I have seen this day on the counters of Charles Stokes & Co., under this hotel, with the price marked on every article!'"

"A very interesting mass of historical letters," says the *Athenaeum*, "has been found in the old city library of Philadelphia. A book was being shown to a recent tourist in America as a collection of mere autographs, which the tourist saw at a glance contained a missing portion of the great series of public instructions from the Privy Council of James the First to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. The letters are numerous—many hundreds—and cover the whole of the very important administration of Sir Arthur Chichester. They are said to have been carried away—abstracted might be the better word—from Ireland by a retiring Lord Chancellor in the troubled time of William the Third. On its being pointed out to the city authorities that these records—of little value where they stand, isolated, by the Atlantic Ocean, from the series—belong to the Crown of England, and are a portion of our national archives, a ready disposition to restore them to their proper place in our Record Office was at once evinced."

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* has been reproducing and commenting on some remarks in a French paper on the earnings of dramatists, authors, and journalists in France. According to the native authority, there are political writers on some of the daily papers of Paris who get £40 a month for writing the summary of news called the *bulletin*; and the correspondent of the *Globe* adds that, as the *bulletin* is divided between three or four writers, the work they do for the £40 is little. "The article says that on the *Journal des Débats* Jules Janin gets £10 a *feuilleton*; it does not say that two or three of the political writers of that distinguished journal have a retaining fee of £200 per annum, and are paid liberally besides for every article they write. It says that some journals pay principally by the line; but it does not say that, when an article amounts to £2, the lines that follow are not counted. It says that the rate per line is from 1½d. to 2½d.; but it sometimes falls to a 1d., and at others rises to 3d. If I mistake not, the *Débats* gives 3d. a line for political articles. (I count a sou as a halfpenny, though in reality it is a shade less.) The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which is equal to our quarterlies, and even more renowned than they, pays very badly—only £8 a sheet; and its sheets, from the type employed, absorb an outrageous mass of 'copy,' as some of its writers, in the bitterness of their hearts, have told me. *Feuilletons* are not paid as they used to be, when Eugene Sue got £4,000 for his 'Wandering Jew,' £6,400 for his 'Mystères de Paris,' and when Alexander Dumas got a shilling a line, even though hundreds of his lines were only 'Ohs!' 'Ahs!' 'Heavens!' 'Buts!' and so forth. Still, at *feuilletons* some men make much money; the price, however, varies terribly. But of all literary labour in France the most profitable is play-writing. Scribe was six or seven times over a millionaire; and of living men, Denner and Sardou make thousands per annum. The younger Dumas has also earned a modest fortune."

Mr. Hudson, of the *New York Herald*, is engaged upon a "History of the Associated Press."

Mr. Emerson is about to publish a volume of poems, entitled "May Day, and Other Pieces."

Mr. Paul Gray, one of the chief artists of *Fun*, died a few days ago, at the early age of twenty-four. He was a draughtsman of great promise, and his death will be regretted by those who knew his ability.

Mr. John Francis Maguire, the member for Cork, who has gone to America, with a view to writing for the Messrs. Longmans a work on the Irish in the United States, is now in Canada, making inquiries into Fenianism, the results of which will doubtless be very interesting.

A third edition of the "History of Signboards" will be published, by Mr. HOTTEN, next week.

Notes and Queries on China and Japan is the title of a publication which is about to appear at Hong-Kong.

The *Nonconformist* states that last week arrangements were finally completed for the amalgamation of the *British Standard* and the *Patriot* newspapers. Dr. Campbell retires from the editorship, and the amalgamated journals will receive a new title.

The works of Champlain, the first governor of New France, are about to be published, under the patronage of the University of Laval, by M. C. H. Laverdière, M.A., Librarian to the University, in six vols. 4to.

A work likely to be interesting to publicists has just appeared in

Hanover, from the pen of George August Grotewell, which bears the title of "Publicistische Skizzen," and treats of the questions of public law raised by recent events in Germany, from a Prussian point of view.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. announce—"The Russian Government in Poland, with a Narrative of the Polish Insurrection of 1863," by William Ansell Day; a popular edition of "The Life of the Duke of Wellington," by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, revised, with portrait; and a new edition, revised, of Mr. Thomas Arnold's "Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical," 8vo.

Messrs. NISBET & Co. have added to their list of forthcoming works—"Milton's Hymn on Christ's Nativity," illustrated, crown 4to; "Shifting Winds, a Tough Yarn," by R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Lighthouse," with illustrations; "John Knox and his Times," by the author of "The Story of Martin Luther;" "The Story of Commander Allen Gardiner, R.N., with Sketches of Missionary Work in South America," by John W. Marsh and W. H. Stirling; the first volume of a series of Exeter Hall Lectures to the Young Men's Christian Association; a second series of Addresses by Stevenson A. Blackwood; and "Beechenhurst, a Tale," by the author of "Among the Mountains."

Messrs. CLARK, of Edinburgh, have in preparation a new work by Dr. F. W. Krummacher, entitled "David, King of Israel," which will be copyright in this country; "Ecce Deum, Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with controversial notes on 'Ecce Homo';" a "Translation of Meyer's Commentary on the Corinthians;" "The Fatherhood of God, and its Relation to the Plan of Redemption by the Lord Jesus, and the Work of the Spirit," by the Rev. C. W. Wright, Chaplain to the British Embassy, Dresden.

Messrs. TINSLEY BROTHERS have nearly ready, "From Waterloo to the Peninsula," by G. A. Sala, 2 vols.; and "The Battle-Fields of 1866," by Edward Dicey, author of "Rome in 1860."

Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. have nearly ready a one-vol. edition of "Toilers of the Sea," by Victor Hugo, with two engravings from original paintings, made by Gustave Doré for this edition, representing "The Last Breakwater," and "Gillett's Struggle with the Devil-Fish."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Adams (W.), on Club Foot. 8vo., 12s.
 Argyll (Duke of), The Reign of Law. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Aunt Friendly's Gift. Imp. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Baxter (R.), The Panic of 1866. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Beating to Windward, by Henry C. S. Savile. 3 Vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
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 Borcke (H. von), Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence. 2 Vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Boy's Winter Book (The). 8vo., 3s. 6d.
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 Burritt (E.), Sparks from the Anvil. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
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 Caird (A. M.), Mary Stuart, her Guilt or Innocence. 2nd edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

FINE ARTS:—The Winter Exhibitions.—The British Institution.—Music.—The London Theatres.

SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Sporting Life in Texas.—Mr. Longfellow's Poems.—The Mysore Reversion.—New Novels.—A Practical Treatise on Apoplexy.—The Scientific Periodicals.—Short Notices.

Literary Gossip.

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